THE NAPANEE EXPRESS

Historical Society

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NAPANEE, ONTARIO, CANADA—TUESDAY, JULY 4th, 1933.

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22-1-y

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Not a hat worth less than twice the money.

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NAPANEE

FARM FOR SALE—Or exchange for town property. J. W. METZLER.

30-tf

ORGAN FOR SALE—Cheap. Would make good office desk. Apply at THIS OFFICE.

ALWAYS a number of farms and houses in town for sale. Owners may also list property for sale at low terms. No sale, no charge. T. B. GERMAN, Barrister, Napanee, Ont.

6-tf

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18-tf

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The southwest corner of lot No. 12, in the 10th concession of Richmond, containing 50 acres. On the premises are a house and barn in fair condition, also a never failing spring. This farm will be sold at a low price for CASH.

Apply to

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TOWNSHIP OF RICHMOND

Some security must be given the Collector within ten days for unpaid taxes, as all taxes owing township must be paid by July 20th, 1933.

By Order of Council.

STEWART L. CLUTE, Collector.

31-a

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Persons having claims against the estate of William Henry Clancy, late of the Town of Napanee in the County of Lennox and Addington, carpenter, deceased, are required to send particulars and proofs thereof to the undersigned solicitor for said estate, before the 14th day of July, A.D., 1933, after which date the assets will be distributed to the parties entitled thereto, pursuant to the provisions of section 51, of Chapter 150, R.S.O., 1927.

G. F. SMITH, Napanee, Ontario, Solicitor for said Estate.

31-c

DESERONTO

Considerable business was transacted at the meeting of the Town Council, which was held on Tuesday evening. Probably one of the most important items was the introduction of the by-law on daylight saving, and the by-law received its several readings. The measure went into effect on Saturday at midnight and will continue through the months of July and August. Now that the holiday season is on, the day-light saving should meet with the approval of the majority of residents, particularly the many who enjoy sports.

Mayor W. R. Thomas presided at the meeting and the members of the council present were: Ed. Roach, William Goulan, Fred Solmes, J. F. Young A. M MacKenzie and Mr. Harvey. The only absentee was Reeve E. C. Metcalfe who was in Toronto.

Monday was proclaimed a public holiday in and for the town of Deseronto.

The subject of relief came up for discussion, and it was decided that the emergency cases be left with the committee of the council, namely the Charity committee.

Another important item was in respect to the school requisitions. The high school requisition for this year is $2,000, a decrease of $800, from last year, and the public school requisition is $5,000 a decrease of $1,000 from last year. It is understood that the teaching staff of the high school has accepted a reduction of 15 per cent. in salaries.

As the appeal will not be held until July 26th, the assessment will not be known until after the appeals are heard, the council could not strike the tax rate at this meeting, and will do so immediately after the amount of the assessment is known.

The members decided to keep all expenditures down to the minimum for this year.

CENTREVILLE CLUB MEETING

The members of the Centreville Swine Club and Calf Club held their June meeting in Centreville on Thursday evening, June 29th. In spite of the warm weather the Swine Club boys turned out 100% and the Calf Club was almost equally as well represented.

The meeting opened with Lewis Wagar, Club President, in the chair, and following the minutes and business, Agricultural Representative L. M. Kerr, discussed "Feeding," explaining the meaning and need of a balanced ration. Mr. Gordon Lefebvre, Dominion Live Stock Branch, gave the boys a talk on the purpose of Club work, explaining very clearly the marketing situation and the necessity of producing high quality in Wiltshire sides so that we may be able to dispose of our surplus and so keep the Canadian market at a more satisfactory level.

The meeting adjourned following the exhibition of a few reels of motion pictures.

EMPIRE MARKETING

Canada Makes Three New Highest Records

For four years in succession the Empire Marketing Board has been able to announce each year new records of shipments of a variety of Empire products to the United Kingdom. In 1932 Canada outdistanced three of her own previous records, viz., wheat, 46,874,000 cwts., as against the last highest record of 41,005,000 cwts. in 1928; Tobacco, 10,844,000 lbs. as against 6,273,000 lbs. in 1931; and plums, 20,000 cwts. as against the previous highest record of 18,000 cwts. in 1928.

Some of these records are sufficiently striking to deserve comment, says the Empire Marketing Board report. Not only did imports of wheat from Canada constitute a record for supplies coming to the United Kingdom from that country, but the 1932 total has never been exceeded by any country except during the two war years, 1916 and 1917, when imports from the United States of America reached a higher figure. Imports of eggs from Australia, bananas from the British West Indies, tobacco from Canada, apples and pears from New Zealand, and grapefruit from Palestine and the British West Indies all exceeded by 50 per cent or more their previous best.

Besides the record importation of Canadian tobacco, it is noticeable that imports from both Southern Rhodesia and Nyasaland established new records, exceeding the quantities imported in 1928 and 1927 respectively; in those years the heavy imports led to large accumulations of stocks in the United Kingdom, but no similar accumulation has resulted from the record imports of 1932.

WORLD'S FIRST ELECTRIC STOVE WAS AN OVEN

It all came about as an adjunct to the advent of Electric Street Cars, which were first introduced into Canada at Ottawa in the fall of 1892 by the young electrical contractors, Messrs. A. Ahearn and W. Y. Soper. Critics (as is ever the case with any radical advance) declared electric cars could be operated during the winter in Ottawa—the passengers would become human icicles.

When some of the more daring critics ventured on one of the new cars during an intensely cold snap, they were almost "shocked" to find not the frigid atmosphere they had expected, but rather the balmy atmosphere of the sunny south—with this difference however: that the warmth came not from the sun overhead, but from under the seat. This was too much; their scepticism "melted" and they knew that a miracle had occurred before their eyes.

But more was in store for them. A banquet was held in the old Windsor Hotel to honor a number of visitors who had flocked to the Capital to see the new electric heating equipment used in the cars. Their credulity almost failed them when, after extolling the hospitality of their two young hosts, Ahearn and Soper, and the excellence of the cooking, they were told that everything had been cooked electrically.

They fairly gasped and, like doubting Thomases, just had to see. So they were shown the great electric oven, large enough to roast at one time half an ox, with vegetables and dessert—a complete banquet. That was on April 3rd, 1893—just forty years ago.

As for many years past, the Hon. Thomas Ahearn, P.C., is today a director of the Northern Electric Company, Limited.

A SOCIAL EVENT

A presentation was made to Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Haggerty on the evening of June 29th. The event took place at the home of Miss Helen Alcombrack. There were about seventy guests present particularly from Napanee, Empey Hill, and Mt. Pleasant. Mr. O. E. Ashley made a short address, voicing the regrets of friends and neighbors at their departure for their new home near Tweed. Mrs. F. Henderson made the presentation, a well-filled purse. Mr. Haggerty thanked his friends for their kindly words, thoughts and gift, and invited all present to visit him in the near future. Mrs. Haggerty seconded his invitation, and in a few words thanked the people for their kindness and wonderful hospitality to her during her sixteen years in the community. All joined in singing "For They Are Jolly Good Fellows." A pleasant social time was spent in music and social conversation, after which refreshments were served. All joined in wishing Mr. and Mrs. Haggerty and Molly Virginia best of luck and happiness in their new home, where Mr. Haggerty has secured a splendid position with G. V. Clarke & Son Lumber Co.

On Friday afternoon the pupils of S. S. No. 3 presented their schoolmate, Molly Virginia Haggerty, with a book, as a slight token of their love and esteem, before her departure for her new home.

SOFTBALL

Selrites Win From Newburgh

Before a large crowd, Newburgh lost their first game of the season in the Napanee and District Softball League, when they were defeated by the fast Selrite team of Napanee, by the score of 12-3, the game being played on the Newburgh diamond on Friday night.

Hill for Newburgh and R. T. Smith for Selrites, were the opposing pitchers, and as far as hits were concerned, the honors were about even but Smith led by two strike-outs.

Newburgh had hard luck in two innings, the 5th and 7th, the Selrites scoring four in the former, and five in the latter. The visitors copped two in the third and one in the last innings, givinug them 12 runs.

Newburgh did not get a run till the 8th, scoring one, and in the ninth put up a magnificent rally, but the game was too great, and only two runs crossed the plate.

In the 8th, Hill, the pitcher for Newburgh, hit for three bases, and in the 7th, Miller for Selrites, poled a three-bagger.

The sensational catch of the game was made in the 9th, when Shorts caught a hard drive off his shoe laces.

Errors paved the way for several runs by Selrites, notably in the 4th, when two fly balls were dropped.

Selrites had on their batting togs and it was their night to win, and they deserved the win as they played better ball throughout.

Had Hill the same support as Smith, the score would have been very much closer.

Line-ups:—

Selrites—Alkenbrack 1st, Blakely 2nd, Miller 3rd, Skitch ss, Sutherland lf, Cooke cf, Ballard rf, Smith p, Thompson c.

Newburgh—Shorts 1st, Cummings 2nd, Finn 3rd, Shortts ss, Lucas lf, Harrison cf, Shier rf, Hill p, Knuth c.

PAINT!

Is the best protection against decay. Get your boiled oil, Elephant White Lead and Antimo. Portland Cement fresh car. WILSON'S HARDWARE.

ENTERPRISE

One of the worst wind storms, accompanied by thunder and lightning of the season, struck this vicinity on Wednesday afternoon. The very heavy wind did considerable damage, fruit and shade trees were more or less damaged, in some instances trees falling across roads and laneways completely blocking them.

The hog-pen on the farm of Joseph Dillon, about three miles east of the village, was struck by lightning and was completely destroyed by fire. The lightning killed one of the pigs. The hay-loader of Alfred Jackson, which had been left standing in the field, was completely overturned by the force of the wind. Fences in large numbers were flattened and roofs in some cases were more or less damaged.

The Hydro power line was put completely out of commission for some hours. The very heavy fall of rain which fell during the storm will be a great benefit as the extremely warm weather was beginning to affect the crops quite badly.

Martin Senour Paint.

100% pure, for inside and outside use. Also a good quality lower priced paint. Portland cement—fresh car.

WILSON'S HARDWARE.

Say you saw it in The Express.

BASEBALL

Tamworth defeated Gibbard's "B" team in a county league game on Wednesday afternoon, 8-4, the game only going seven innings by the consent of the management of both teams. This was found necessary owing to the second game between Brighton and the Gibbard Athletics. The teams were:

Tamworth—Cournyea cf; Murphy ss; Thompson 1b; Gilbert c; Myles p; Richardson 3b; Tucker 2b; Shire lf; McKnight rf.

Gibbards—Callaghan lf; Switzer cf; Bentley c and p; Card p and cf; Kilgannon rf; McCutcheon 1b; Oliver ss; Stinson 2b; Murphy 3b.

Umpires—Richardson at the plate, Loucks on the bases.

The visitors had two big innings, the third and the fifth, securing five runs in the former innings and three in the later. Card started on the mound for the locals and was replaced by Bentley. Myles on the mound for Tamworth pitched a good game for five innings, allowing only one hit, this occurring in the first innings.

GIBBARDS WON

The Gibbard Athletics defeated Brighton in a scheduled Bay of Quinte League game 10-7. The visitors started off well, connecting for well placed hits in the first innings, scoring two runs, which were made by three hits and a walk. Gibbards tied it up in the third, scoring two in the fourth and the game from this innings to the balance of the game was never in doubt.

Freddie Bentley started on the mound and with the exception of the first innings pitched good ball, retiring the visitors one, two, three. Doug. Fraser went on the mound in the fourth, and received a great hand from the crowd. Doug underwent an operation for appendicitis some few weeks ago, and this was the first time that he has been assigned any work. He pitched two innings and sustained his former reputation.

Pointer went on the mound in the sixth and finished the game. Shannon pitched the entire game for Brighton. The teams were:

Brighton—Rundle 2b; McMaster c; McKinnon ss; Shannon p; Wright cf; Duffy lf; Brown rf; McKinnon 1b; Campbell 3b.

Gibbards—Card ss; Kinkley 2b; Andrews cf; Bentley p; Lucas 3b; Sweet rf; Wilson 1b; Stinson c; Fraser rf; Cairns c.

An unfortunate accident occurred in the first innings, when Stinson was spiked in the right toe, which necessitated his retirement. It was purely accidental.

PICTON WON

In an intermediate O.B.A.A. game played at the Napanee driving park on Saturday afternoon, Picton, the leaders in the Bay of Quinte league defeated the Gibbard Athletics by 16-4. Play was stopped in the ninth owing to a down pour of rain, the visitors leading at that time 14-4, and the spectators, of whom there was a large number, had left for down town. On the resumption of play, Picton notched two more runs, while the locals were held scoreless. The defeat of the locals was very unexpected, and proved a disappointment to the hundreds of faithful fans. This game gave Picton the undisputed leadership in the league. Gibbards will play Picton on Wednesday afternoon.

The teams were:

Picton—Hudgins cf; Mighton c; Rorke ss; Cole 1b; McQuaide lf; Leaves 3b; Abbott rf; Phillips p and rf; Church p.

Gibbards—Card ss; Kinkley 2b; Gibbard cf; Bentley rf; Andrews lf; Cairns c; Wilson 1b; Lucas 3b; Pointer p; Fraser p.

Umpires—Collins, of Picton; Loucks of Napanee.

Score by innings—

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Picton	3	0	0	0	6	1	1	0	5	—16
Gibbards	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	— 4

ADOLPHUSTOWN

Hay harvest is in full tide, most of the farmers report a light crop.

Grain will also be short but looks quite freshened up since the last rain on Wednesday. Another light shower Sunday night cooled the air. Strawberries are nearly ended, but prospects are good for raspberries.

Mrs. F. Minaker, Picton, and Mrs. Mitchell, Winnipeg, were recent guests of their niece, Mrs. R. M. Roblin.

Miss Gena Duffett, Peterboro Normal School and Miss Evelyn Roblin, of Napanee Collegiate Institute, are holidaying under the parential roof.

The June meeting of the Women's Association was held at the home of Mrs. Andrew Magee last Wednesday.

The Quarterly Official Board and the Women's Association of the circuit met in the United Church here on Monday evening of last week.

HOLIDAY SPORTS

Splendid weather prevailed for the holiday sports, which took place at the Napanee Driving Park on Monday afternoon.

The day was declared a holiday by Mayor Kimmerly, and although a few of the stores opened in the morning, practically all places of business were closed in the afternoon.

A bumper crowd was in attendance at the park, the grand stand being well filled, with hundreds around the enclosures, and hundreds watching the ball game.

During the afternoon the Napanee Citizen's Band furnished an excellent program, while the refreshment stands did a rushing business.

The Gibbard Athletics defeated the Sydenham team by the score of 9-3. Brooks was on the mound for the visitors and yielded ten hits, while the Sydenham players secured four hits off Freddie Bentley and four hits off Doug. Fraser.

Coach Walt. Gerow gave all his twirlers work to do, and Pointed pitched the final innings, not giving a hit. The teams were:

Sydenham—Garvin cf; Truesdale lf; Clarke rf; Young 3b; Foxton c; Lees ss; McFarland 2b; Woodruff 1b; Brooks p.

Gibbards—Sweet rf; Kinkley 2b; Gibbard ss; Bentley p and cf; Fraser cf and p; Ted. Bentley lf; Cairns c; Wilson 1b; Lucas 3b; Pointer p.

Umpires—Loucks and Foxton.

Score by innings:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Sydenham	1	1	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	—3
Gibbards	0	0	2	3	2	0	0	2	x	—9

Gibbards were without the services of two of their best hitters, Jack Andrews and Ran. Card.

The big innings was the fourth when after two were out, Cairns singled, Ted. Bentley was hit by pitcher, Wilson uncorked a two bagger and Lucas singled. There were a few errors on the part of both teams.

Gibbards played bang-up ball, a decided contrast to the game with Picton on Saturday.

The races were good and provided plenty of excitement. The results were as follows:

2.09 Class—Purse $250.00

Walter Stone—L. G. Bennett, Port Hope	3	2	3
Bertha Patch—H. Hastings, Brampton	1	1	1
Peter Merrian—J. W. Williamson, Toronto	4	4	4
Lou Ganut—P. A. Morgan, Campbellford	2	3	2

Time—2.10½, 2.10¼, 2.10¼.

2.17 Class—Purse $200.00

Easter Mary—J. Williamson, Toronto	3	3	2	2
Margaret Brewer—L. G. Bennett, Port Hope	5	1	1	1
Peter Shuff—E. Smith, Enterprise	2	7	6	5
Phil. Mercury, J. E. Burns, Brockville	1	2	7	3
Hal. Seymour—J. E. Burns, Brockville	6	5	3	4
Gratton Mack—P. A. Morgan, Campbellford	7	4	4	6
Peter K.—Dr. Benson, Napanee	4	6	5	7

Time—2.14, 2.12½, 2.14.

2.25 Class—Purse $200.00.

Daisy Patch—B. Grant, Westport	6	10	3
Philco—L. G. Bennett, Port Hope	2	8	6
St. Charles—L. G. Bennett, Port Hope	4	4	9
June Peters—L. W. Hess, Peterboro'	8	7	s
Princess McKinney—J. E. Burns Brockville	5	6	5
Foxy Pete—J. Williamson, Toronto	10	2	2
Major Penalty—A. Stein, Kingston	9	9	7
Bucco, Jr.—R. Walsh, Hastings	3	3	8
Peter K.—Dr. Benson, Napanee	1	1	1
Peter H.—S. Lummis, Belleville	7	5	4

Time—2.13¾, 2.13¾, 2.14.

Starter J. S. Johnson, Adolphustown.

SELBY

A large number attended the re-opening services of the United Church Rev. Dr. McLachlan, D.D., of Toronto, was the minister for the services.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. J. McFarlane, a daughter.

A number motored to Gretna to see the ball game between Gretna and Richmond. The score was 14 to 6 in favor of Richmond.

Mrs. C. J. Gonu, of Bellrock, was a recent guest of Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Amey.

Rev. and Mrs. Foley have left for their new home at Springbrook.

Mrs. Garratt, who has been quite ill, is improving.

Mrs. C. Spencer, of Napanee, was a recent guest of Mr. and Mrs. C. Anderson.

I. Anderson spent a few days in Belleville with Mr. and Mrs. G. Anderson.

Miss Parks and Miss Wood, of Napanee, attended the church re-opening services here, and were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. Wood.

NEWBURGH

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Gay, Misses Mildred and Lois Gay and Mrs. Crooks of Toronto, spent the week-end at the parsonage.

A large number from here attended the Field Day at Wesley and all report a splendid day's outing.

The service in the United Church on Sunday was of a patriotic character, the pastor taking for his subject, "Ideal of Beauty, Duty and Goodness." A suitable duet was sung by Miss Briscoe and Mr. Fluke.

Mrs. J. Sloan, of Kingston, is the guest of Mrs. J. Clarke for a couple of weeks.

Mrs. Warren and Mr. and Mrs. Bruce, of Kingston, were recent visitors in Newburgh.

Miss Emma Rook, of Napanee, is a guest at the Ramsay home for a few days.

Mrs. John Revell, of Verona, is stopping with her aunt, Mrs. L. Switzer, who is very ill.

Mrs. Wm. Weese and Mrs. Wm. Wales, of Wesley, were the guests of Miss Ella Yeomans on Monday last.

Mr. Dean Vandervoort who was attending college in Toronto, is home for the holidays.

Miss Eleanor Milligan left on Monday to take a six weeks 'course at Queen's, Kingston.

Mrs. (Dr.) A. R. E. Mofflce and Paula left last week for Wiarton to be the guest of her mother, Mrs. J. Lane.

Mr. J. N. Lucas is having his holidays and Mr. W. J. Fife is relieving him.

Mrs. C. Scriver received a telegram of the sad news of the sudden death of her cousin, Mr. Hammell Deroche Moore, at Greenly, Que., second son of the late Mr. Charles Moore and Charlotte A. Deroche, former residents of Newburgh. He left his work at 6 p.m. and after eating tea took sick and died at 8 p.m. He was educated in the Newburgh public and High Schools. He was the foreman of the store of the Windsor Paper Mill at Greenly. Mr. Wm. Deroche of Napanee is an uncle and Judge Deroche of Belleville, is a cousin. He leaves to mourn his loss, one son, Charles, and one sister, Mrs. Robt. Simpson, of Dearborn, Mich., and three brothers, Mr. Chas. Moore, of Montreal, Que., Mr. Wm. Moore, of Toronto, and Mr. Fred Moore of Winnipeg. His many friends were sorry to hear of his sudden death and extend their sympathy to the bereaved ones.

The regular monthly meeting of the W.C.T.U. took the form of a Mother's meeting and as in other years was held at the parsonage. Although the day was very warm, there was a good attendance and a splendid program on Home and the responsibilities of parenthood. Refreshments were served and a pleasant and profitable hour spent with those who cannot regularly attend the meeting. Mrs. Geo. Wartman, who could not attend because of her recent accident, sent a touching message, "Thought on Motherhood."

CAMDEN EAST

The annual picnic of the United Church and Sunday School will be held in Mr. Fred Bell's grove at Desmond, on Tuesday, July 11th. Everybody come and enjoy a great day among the children.

Public school closed on Thursday for the summer holidays.

The nice easy rain on Friday and Saturday was welcomed by all, as everything was going back on account of the very dry, warm weather.

Farmers are busy getting their hay harvested.

The recent rain ripened the late strawberries considerable, and they are quite plentiful at time of writing, at 10c. or three boxes for 25c.

Mrs. George Black is still in Kingston Hospital and is progressing favorably.

Mr. and Mrs. Butterill spent a day at Kingston.

Mr. John Cooper's brother, of Oshawa was a week-end guest here.

Mr. Geo. Black spent a day at the Kingston General Hospital with Mrs. Black.

The Ladies 'Aid Society held their monthly meeting on Saturday night. There was a splendid turnout.

Owing to the W.M.S. meeting coming on the 12th of July, the meeting will be postponed for another week, and will be held on the 19th instead. All members are requested to attend this meeting. We are expecting a number of new members to join our Society.

There will be a sacramental service in the United Church next Sunday night at 7.30. Everybody welcome.

COMING EVENTS

A CHILD WELFARE CLINIC for the pre-school child, is held each Thursday from 2 to 4, in the Town Hall, under the direction of the Victorian Order of Nurses.

3-tf

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

BY CHARLES G. TRUMBULL, Litt.D. (Editor of the Sunday School Times.)

CALEB

Sunday, July 9—Numbers 13, Joshua 14.

Golden Text—Blessed is that man that maketh the Lord his trust (Psa. 40:4.)

The bravest men in the world have not been men of self-confidence. Your class may be surprised into attention by being told this, and then being invited to study the story of Caleb as a striking example of one of the most courageous men in all history, yet a man quite lacking in self-confidence.

The two lesson chapters give us pictures of Caleb taken forty-five years apart. It is the same Caleb in both pictures, with the same courage, confronted by the same sort of staggering circumstances each time—and each time quiet, calm, unafraid, successful. He had no special "complexes," either—neither inferiority nor superiority. And the best thing of all about Caleb and his experiences is the fact that what he had we all can have; what he did we all can do. His secret of confidence, courage and conquest is within the reach of every one who would like it, and who will take it on the same terms that Caleb accepted.

When he was a man in his prime, at forty years of age, he was given a hard job. Eleven other men were given the same job with him—Shammus, Shaphat, Igal, Palti, Gaddiel, Nahbi and others—do you recognize any of them?

Of course not—their names have gone down in oblivion even though recorded in the Bible. But Caleb's name is familiar, and another name in that list is even more familiar: Joshua. There were twelve men sent out by Moses while Israel was at Kadesh-Barnea in the wilderness, to go up into the land of Canaan and "spy out the land," and bring back word as to the prospects there for entering the land and taking possession. The names of ten of those spies are, for all practical purposes, unknown and forgotten today even among people who are familiar with the Bible. The names of two stand out in shining letters of immortality: Caleb and Joshua. Why?

These twelve men, commissioned by Moses at God's direction and told to "be of good courage," went up into Canaan and found it a land of amazing fertility and wealth. They cut a cluster of grapes and brought it back with them, and it took two men to carry it between them on a staff.

They found great cities in the land, "walled and very great." And they found that the people dwelling there were strong, powerful, even "men of a great stature," giants.

Ten of the twelve Israelitish spies brought back word that they had no chance whatever against such people, "for they are stronger than we." And for "the sons of Anak," the giants, "we were in our own sight as grasshoppers, and so were we in their sight."

But there was a minority report, signed by Caleb and Joshua. "The Lord is with us," they said; "fear them not." Again: "Let us go up at once, and possess it." Caleb and Joshua knew they were "well able," with them, as He had promised; they knew that He had never been defeated and never could be.

What did Caleb and Joshua get for their brave stand? "But all the congregation bade stone them with stones." The people stood with the ten cowardly spies; Moses and Aaron stood with Caleb and Joshua, and so did the Lord. The entire generation of adult Israelites who heard those two reports and sided with the ten against the two died in the wilderness, as God said they should, and only their little children, with Caleb and Joshua, entered the promised land—forty years later.

Under Joshua, the successor of Moses and leader of the new generation of Israel, the nation has crossed the Jordan on dry land as God worked another miracle for them: the walls of Jericho have fallen by a miracle and the city has been destroyed; and God's people have moved forward in victory after victory in their conquest of Canaan and their blotting out, at God's direction and by His divine will, the cancer spots of sin and corruption that were entrenched there.

The time has come for dividing the land among the twelve tribes, and Caleb comes to Joshua with the request for the portion he would like to have. He is eighty-five years old now, and he rehearses the event of forty years before at Kadesh-Barnea. "And now behold," says Caleb, "the Lord hath kept me alive as He said, these forty and five years ... while the children of Israel wandered in the wilderness ... as yet I am as strong this day as I was in the day that Moses sent me ... so is my strength now, for war, both to go out, and to come in."

He asked for "this mountain," and the place where as Anakims are living, with cities great and walled. It is giants' territory—and it is a giant who asked: Caleb.

But let us be clear as to what sort of giant Caleb was. He was not a giant in self-confidence. He was a giant in his faith in God's power and faithfulness. He simply refused to believe that God could lie. He dared to believe, no matter what the surrounding circumstances were, no matter how gigantic the stature, and strength and defenses and weapons of his enemies were, that God was more powerful than they, that God's omnipotence was more than equal to their terrific power, and that God would really keep His word in promising to give Israel victory over all her enemies.

"Hebron therefore became the inheritance of Caleb ... because that he wholly followed the Lord God of Israel."

God-confidence is better than self-confidence.

THE NAPANEE EXPRESS

E. J. HARDY
Editor and Proprietor

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NEWS AND INFORMATION FOR THE BUSY FARMER

(Furnished by the Ontario Department of Agriculture)

Ontario supplied one half of the 1932 commercial production of strawberries in Canada, which totalled 20,601,000 quarts.

Potato Beetle Poison

The best and cheapest poison to use for the control of the potato beetle is calcium arsenate at the rate of 1½ to 2 pounds in 40 gallons of Bordeaux mixture (copper sulphate 6 lbs., lime 4 lbs., water 40 gallons). If the poison is used alone in water, add two to three pounds of hydrated lime to each 40 gallons. Should arsenate of lead or Paris Green be preferred as a poison, two to three pounds of the arsenate or half to one pound of Paris Green may be substituted, to be used in each 40 gallon barrel of spray.

Producer Radio Program

Beginning June 28th, the Ontario Growers' Markets Council are broadcasting a five-minute market intelligence report daily at 1.15 p.m., eastern daylight saving time, on wholesale prices of fruit and vegetables. The report covers St. John Halifax, Montreal, Toronto and Winnipeg, and is arranged through the Commercial Representatives of the Growers' Markets Council stationed on those markets. The broadcast is sponsored by the Weekly Sun and is released in connection with its daily talk on produce. Arrangements for the new release were made by the Ontario Marketing Board and facilitated by Radio Station CFCT.

Sandy Soil Management

For drifting sands a plant known as sea-sand reed or beach grass has been used with considerable success. It is valuable because of its root-stock growth which enables it to grow up through rapidly accumulating sand. When the sand has been fairly well controlled, there are two other grasses, namely rattail and wild rye, which have been found useful. Unfortunately the supply of the seed of these plants is scarce.

There are many acres of blow-sand which will never be fit for anything but the production of trees. It may be necessary, even, in the establishing of desirable types of trees, first to plant quick-growing kinds, establish beach grass, or use other methods to control the sand until the young permanent trees can secure a proper foot-hold. As to crop yields on sandy soils, there appears to be little difference in the amounts as a result of the various methods of ploughing.

Ontario Butter Production Showing Slight Increase

Reports from the Dairy Branch indicate a slight increase in the production of Ontario creamery butter. Production for April of this year amounted to some 5,156,976 pounds, as compared with 5,040,977 pounds in the same month of last year. Also, an increase is shown for the first four months of 1933 when production totalled 16,277,023 pounds. For the same period in 1932, production approximated 15,775,693.

Hints to Horticulturists

The proper time to transplant Oriental Poppies is when they are perfectly dormant, that is, transplant in late July or early August.

Cultivate freely and give Sweet Peas plenty of water or mulch. Keep the flowers picked.

Climbing roses should be pruned immediately after flowering, by removing the oldest wood and simply thinning out each bush.

Cut down Delphiniums as soon as they are through blooming. This forces the plant to send up new growth and flower a second time.

The bearded or German Irises may be divided and transplanted after flowering. As soon as the flowers fade, cut off all stems and give plenty of water for a couple of weeks, then divide and plant shallow.

Weekly Crop Report

Aside from scattered showers, the month of June was almost barren of moisture and in some districts there was not one good downfall of rain during the month. Southern Ontario has been badly hit by the drought. Strawberries were not more than a 45 per cent. crop, while raspberries also have suffered. Spring crops generally have been injured by the continued dry weather. Essex County reports wheat beginning to turn and some of it will be ready to cut July 5th. Pastures have dried up in numerous southern areas and grass fires have not been uncommon. Meanwhile hay-cutting has been in full swing, although it will be a short crop too, owing to the dry weather. Apple orchards are in good condition and a bumper yield is promised.

320 Fairs to be Held

Of the Agricultural Societies in Ontario, some 320 plan to hold fairs this year, according to J. A. Carroll, superintendent, Agricultural Societies Branch.

"In certain quarters," said Mr. Carroll, "there was a feeling that government and municipal cuts in grants would tend to disrupt the plans of many of these organizations. However, from the impression gained at the District Fair Association meetings I have attended throughout the province, I feel that the directors are determined by increased energy and enterprise to maintain the standards of the organizations, many of which have been in existence for almost a century."

Value of Orchards

That good fruit farms are worth owning, is the advice of a well-known agricultural authority. Owners should make every effort to keep them, for money will be made from them in the future as in the past. Futher, he points out that growers who sell nearest home get the best prices. Culls sold in the home markets often net more than fancy fruit shipped to distant cities. But selling culls anywhere is very poor policy as it brings the price down badly, and lessens the desire of the buyer for the fruit.

Gardeners' Insect Friends

All garden insects are not injurious. In fact many of them are beneficial, continually doing good by destroying those species which are harmful. Foremost among the insects that help the gardener are the different kinds of ladybird beetles. Both in their larval and adult stages, they feed almost exclusively upon plant lice and scale insects. Another kind of beetle, the fiery ground beetle, is a particularly useful insect. This beetle and its voracious grub, which is called the cut worm lion, destroy enormous numbers of cutworms. The beetle is brownish black, with the wing cases spotted with coppery red—hence its name. The large harpalus beetle, which is very common, destroys cutworms. The different kind of lacewing, and other two and four winged parasitic flies are also friends of the gardener.

Vegetable Grades Simplified

The Dominion Fruit Branch announces that there are to be fewer grades for vegetables this season, in most cases only two. Beets are to be No. 1 and No. 2, the first to consist of beets of similar variaetal characteristics which are firm but not woody or tough, the size being from two to four inches in diameter. No. 2 to consist of all those not meeting the requirements of No. 1 grade.

Cabbage also has two grades. The No 1 consisting of heads which are of similar shape, firm and well trimmed. By "similar type" is meant that the lot may be of pointed, flat, savoy or red as the case may be. Well trimmed means that all outer leaves injured by worm, disease or other means are removed.

Crates of the following dimensions are recommended as suitable for cabbage: 12x18x15¼; 15x15x27; 13x7x26½; 17x19¼x26½.

In Direct Line From Shadrach

Incredible feats have been performed by men whose physical condition enabled them to withstand extreme heat. The most astonishing one ever recorded was achieved by a Russian named Chamouni, who was able to stand in a red-hot furnace and hold a leg of mutton until it was well roasted.—Collier's.

Romance Languages

The Romance languages or dialects of the Middle ages were the common language of the people and were mixtures of Latin with the language of the Franks and other races. From these dialects arose modern Italian, French, Spanish, Portuguese, Rumanian, Provencal, etc.

Krait, Snake, Kills Many

The krait is said to cause more deaths than any other snake in India, where mortality from snake bites is high. This is largely due to the fact that this snake is frequently encountered in cane and village houses which it has entered in search of rats, lizards and other snakes, and its venom is astonishingly rapid in its effect.

When Senators Are Paired

When a senator wishes to be absent when the vote is taken on a bill, but wishes to have his vote counted, he arranges with a senator who will vote the other way to "pair" their votes, one cancelling the other. The paired senators need not be from the same state.

Baker Knew His Bread

A St. Joseph (Mo.) baker knows his bread. He placed a loaf in the mail to be delivered by parcel post. A few minutes later he received a telephone call that the bread lacked sufficient postage. The next morning he went to the post office and asked to have the loaf weighed, and the postage was found sufficient. During the night the bread had dried out.

LATE BLIGHT AND ROT OF POTATOES

(Experimental Farms Note)

Late blight and tuber rot is the most widely distributed and economically most destructive disease of the potato crop. Partly by destroying the plants before the crop has time to mature, and partly by rotting the potatoes, this disease is frequently responsible for a twenty-five per cent. reduction in yield.

The name late blight is used for this disease to distinguish it from the leaf disease know as early blight and due to the fungus Alternaria solani. Early blight shows up early in the growing season as dry, brownish spots marked with several rings. Late blight appears on the leaves and stems later in the season and may be recognized in its early stages as scattered spots, very dark in colour, invariably becoming water soaked in appearance. These spots spread, causing the destruction of the affected plants. Upon examination of the under surface of the leaves, there will be seen a greyish-white mildew which forms a delicate ring surrounding the blighted area. This is the fruiting stage of the fungus and is composed of countless numbers of spores. These spores fall on the top of the ground and during rainy weather they are washed into the soil, where they come into contact with the tubers, setting up the rot so well known as digging time and later in storage. An affected tuber at the point of infection becomes chocolate brown in colour, very soon shrinking and becoming hardened. Upon cutting into such tubers it will be seen that the flesh underlying the diseased areas is marked with rusty brown spots, a condition frequently extending around the margin and later involving the entire potato.

Late blight can be successfully combatted by spraying the potatoes with Bordeaux mixture made up of 4 lbs. of copper sulphate, 4 lbs. of hydrated lime (highest purity) and 40 imperial gallons of water. For full particulars as to making Bordeaux write to the Dominion Laboratory of Plant Pathology, Charlottetown.

In attacking the late blight problem one should bear in mind that thoroughness in spraying is absolutely essential for good results. Additional points of importance are as follows:

1. Spray before blight appears.
2. Spray before it rains, giving the spray a short period for drying. It will not wash off.
3. Spray all parts of the plants above ground and maintain high pressure.

PROTEIN FOR PIGS

Grains Alone Not Enough to Make Good Hogs

If the farmers of Canada are to supply the market with high grade bacon hogs, the use of a protein supplement is a first essential along with grain feeds when skim-milk or buttermilk are not available. Tankage and fish-meal are high quality protein supplements, the one a by-product of the packing industry and the other a by-product of the fishing industry. Protein supplements of vegetable origin, when the price permits, may be used to replace some of the tankage or fish-meal but their use alone has not proven as satisfactory as tankage or fish-meal or quantities of both.

The feeding of tankage or fish-meal in proper proportions makes it possible to increase the rate of gain in spring pigs by 25 per cent. and up to 50 per cent in the case of fall pigs. Their use may also reduce the cost of production 10 per cent.

The various packers throughout Canada realizing the importance of tankage as a hog feed agreed to make it available at the approximate cost of production. Fish-meal can also be made available for hog feeding through Farmers' Clubs, or other local organizations.

Where farmers are in a position to obtain a mixed protein supplement or the ingredients for such, experiments indicate that the use of such a mixture in preference to single protein feeds is advantageous. The following mixture has been used successfully at Macdonald College since 1928 as a complete replacement of milk or other protein feed in the rations of all classes of swine: Tankage 400 lbs., fish-meal 200 lbs., linseed meal 200 lbs., feeding bone meal 100 lbs., ground lime stone 76 lbs., fine salt 20 lbs., and Ferric Oxide 4 lbs.

The above mixture may be used satisfactorily with any of the numerous rations enumerated in Pamphlet 135, a "Rations for Economical Pork Production," issued by the Dominion Department of Agriculture.

POINTERS ON HOG FEEDING

Pigs should be fed three times daily for at least one or two weeks after weaning. Two feeds daily will then be sufficient. The majority of farmers, especially Western farmers, can easily plan to make oats, barley and wheat available as hog feeds. Several meal mixtures are given in a pamphlet just issued by the Dominion Department of Agriculture on feeding home-grown grains in hog raising. It is shown in the pamphlet, which may be had for the asking, how these meal mixtures may be balanced by home-grown grains with an additional protein complement in the form of tankage.

Examination in Psychology 79

By JANE OSBORN

WHEN Lois woke up that bright day in May the sun was streaming into her little blue and pink bedroom, and even in the moments of half slumber before she opened her eyes she felt that something was wrong. Then she remembered.

She had gone to a dance with Robert Granger the night before. She had gone—though for some reason she had felt that she ought not to go—because then she felt that she really liked Robert and proposed at once. Somehow Robert had refused—when he wasn't dancing with her—to get himself drunk—foolishly drunk. The drunk Robert she loathed.

And that was the trouble, thought Lois, settling herself indolently against the pillows. Perhaps it wasn't a trouble at all—it was just fortunate that she had realized before it was too far on the nature of this Robert she had once liked.

But there were other disturbing thought waves passing through her mind—something else was wrong. Suddenly as she was hurrying into the neat little blue sport frock she had chosen for the day she realized that there wasn't the slightest advantage in hurrying now. Even if she got off to college without eating any breakfast she wouldn't arrive until after eleven—too late for the examination.

Lois completed her dressing with considerable leisure—taking more than usual pains with the arrangement of her hair and the placing of the faint bit of rouge which she considered necessary to hide the traces of fatigue.

An hour later—at a little after eleven o'clock—Lois entered the office of Professor Stratton, well known psychologist, who lectured in Psychology 79. He was a genial looking man of sixty, who at the moment sat at his desk with head turned to gaze lazily at the green campus trees through the open window in his office.

"I am sorry, Doctor Stratton," she said, "but I didn't wake up in time to get to the examination this morning. I would like to get credit, of course—though I hardly like to ask for a special examination."

Doctor Stratton regarded Lois without much show of personal interest. The fact was, he was always bored by the type of scatter-brained students of which this young woman in front was typical. He told her that professors were not required to give special examinations save in cases of illness. Still he might regard her failure to wake in time for the examination in the nature of illness—mental if not physical. But he couldn't be bothered writing out a special examination for her. He would put it up to his assistant—Mr. Platt.

And so matters were arranged for a special examination the next morning at nine o'clock in Mr. Platt's small private office, and much relieved at this turn of events Lois went home—recalling as she went a few conversations she had had with the young instructor.

"I have Doctor Stratton's permission to give an oral examination," Mr. Platt explained the next morning. "After all if I am anything of a psychologist I ought to be able to get your rating in the course rather easily."

After this obviously premeditated introduction the young man looked a little confused and then laughed. Lois laughed, too. She said she liked the idea. There were things she could say about psychology that she couldn't write—because she wasn't always sure how to spell the words.

He asked a few questions—which he considered adequately answered after a few faltering remarks from Lois. A quarter of an hour of this and then it was over. He said he would give Doctor Stratton a good report.

Lois rose to go and Mr. Platt rose, too. "I am awfully glad you did oversleep," he said, "because I've had a chance now to get you a little better. Perhaps you'll give me permission to call some time."

Lois gave the young instructor an appraising glance. "I'd be charmed," she said. "Perhaps you could come this afternoon."

Late that summer Professor Stratton opened a letter from his young assistant. He read it with an expression of half-amusement, half-boredom. "So it goes," he said to his wife. "Feather-brained young woman oversleeps on morning of important examination which she possibly couldn't have passed. Clever young instructor gives her a rating of ninety-eight in fifteen minutes test—and within two months has taken her for his life mate."

Inspired by Famous Song

Julia Ward Howe's "Battle Hymn of the Republic" 1861, was first published in the "Atlantic Monthly," and first came prominently into notice when a Union officer, just out of Libby prison, gave a lecture in Washington, and in the course of it told how he and his fellow-prisoners, having become possessed of a copy of the "Battle Hymn" derived great pleasure singing it in the darkness and loneliness of prison.

Seven Presidents Died in Capital

One-fifth of our former Presidents passed away in Washington, namely, John Quincy Adams, William Henry Harrison, Zachary Taylor, Abraham Lincoln, William Howard Taft and Woodrow Wilson. The first occupant—or former occupant, as the case may be—of the highest office in the land to die in the Capital City, says the Washington Star, was President William Henry Harrison, who died on April 4, 1841, just one month to the day following his inauguration. John Quincy Adams, a former President, died in Washington on February 23, 1848, followed two years later—July 9, 1850—by President Zachary Taylor. President Abraham Lincoln died there April 15, 1865, and Woodrow Wilson passed away in Washington February 3, 1924, and William Howard Taft, on March 8, 1930, the last two named being former Presidents.

Punished Twice for Same Offense

A person can be tried and punished twice for the same offense. The United States Constitution says "nor shall any person be subject for the same offense to be twice put in jeopardy of life and limb." It has been held, however, that this means only that the United States cannot punish a person twice for the same offense. The question was decided in 1922, when five citizens of the state of Washington, having been convicted in a state court on a charge of violating a law, were tried in the Federal court for the same offense. The opinion was written by Chief Justice Taft, and sustained the double conviction.

England Publishes Most Books

The most books in the English language are published in England. Last year English publishers brought out 15,985 new books, compared with 9,035 in the United States. In 1931 England published 14,688 new volumes, compared with 10,307 in the United States. It is estimated that, through use of libraries and purchased books, the English people, although numbering only one-third as many as the Americans, read 50,000,000 books a year. (Circulating libraries are popular. The figures do not include the English-language books published in Canada, Australia and other parts of the British empire.

Hands Off Spanish Estates

Spanish estates of the duke of Wellington, grandson of the "Iron Duke," are not to be confiscated, as was inferred from an official list of 361 grandees whose lands were slated to come under "agrarian reform," in which the Duke's name was mentioned. Spain gave the original duke 4,000 acres in gratitude for his victory at Salamanca in 1812. The present duke offered to sell his estates back to the republic, but they replied that, as his tenants were fully satisfied with his administration, they would not take over his property.—Montreal Herald.

"Pork Barrel" Legislation

This term originated in the early part of the last century. On March 3, 1823, congress passed the first bill for harbor improvements. Opponents of the bill alleged its advocates voted for it for political reasons only. This so-called "rush" on the federal treasury was compared to the rush made by the slaves on southern plantations when the pork barrel was opened. River and harbor improvement bills were afterward facetiously called "pork barrel bills." The term has since extended to any legislation supposedly passed for purposes of political patronage.

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The Secret of Lonesome COVE

?

By SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

"People will hardly suspect that I killed her and set her adrift for a model, I suppose," said the artist bitterly, "particularly as Dennett can tell them that the picture was finished before her death. I was sitting on my wall when the woman came down the road. I noticed her first when she stopped to look back, and her gloss of elegance of dress, expensive and ill fitting, attracted my closer attention. She was carrying a bundle wrapped in strong paper. It seemed to be heavy for she shifted it from hand to hand. When she came near I spoke to her."

"You spoke to her first?"

"Well, we spoke simultaneously. She asked me the time. She seemed anxious to know. In fact, I think she used the word 'exact;' 'the exact time' she said."

"Presumably she was on her way to an appointment, then."

"Very likely. When I told her she seemed relieved, might even say relaxed. As if from the strain of nervous haste, you know."

"Good! And then?"

"She thanked me and asked if I were Mr. Sedgwick. I answered that I was and suggested that she make good by completing the introduction."

"She wasn't a woman of your own class, then?"

Sedgwick looked puzzled. "Well, no I thought not then or I shouldn't have been so free and easy with her. For one thing, she was painted badly, and the perspiration, running down her forehead, had made her a sight. Yet I don't know. Her voice was that of a cultivated person. Her manner was awkward and her dress weird for that time of day, and for all that she carried herself like a person accustomed to some degree of consideration. That I felt quite plainly. I felt, too, something uncanny about her. Her eyes alone would have produced that impression. They were peculiarly restless and brilliant."

"Insane?" questioned Kent.

"Not wholly sane, certainly. But it might have been drugs. That suggested itself to me."

"A possibility. Proceed."

"She asked what point of the headland gave the best view. 'Anywhere from the first rise on is good,' I said. 'It depends on what you wish to see.' 'My ship coming in,' she said. 'It will be a fair view,' then.' I told her. 'This is a coast of guardian reefs.' 'What difference?' she said, and then gave me another surprise, for she quoted:

"And, though thy soul sail leagues and leagues beyond,
Still leagues beyond those leagues there is more sea."

"That's interesting," remarked Kent. "Casual female wayfarers aren't given to quoting 'The House of Life.'"

"Nor casual ships to visiting this part of the coast. However, there was no ship. I looked for myself when I was trying to find the woman later. What are you smiling at?"

"Nothing. I'm sorry I interrupted."

"She walked away from me a few paces, but turned and came back at once."

"'I follow my star,' she said, pointing to a planet that shone low over the sea. 'Therein lies the only true happiness—to dare and to follow. Remember this meeting,' she said in a tone of solemn command, 'for it may mark an epoch in your life. Some day in the future I may send for you and recall today to your mind by what I have just said. In that day you will know the hidden things that are clear only to the chosen minds. Perhaps you will be the last person but one to see me as I now am.'"

Kent pulled nervously at the lobe of his ear. "Is it possible that she foresaw her death?" he murmured.

"It would look so in the light of what has happened, wouldn't it? Yet there was an uncanny air of joyousness about her too."

"I don't like it," announced Kent. "I do not like it!"

By which he meant that he did not understand it. What Chester Kent does not understand, Chester Kent resents.

"Love affair, perhaps," suggested the artist. "A woman in love will take any risk of death. However," he added, rubbing his bruised head reminiscently, "she had a very practical bent for a romantic person. After her mysterious prophecy she started on. I called to her to come back or I would follow and make her explain herself."

"As to what?"

"Everything: her being there, her actions, her her apparel, the jewelry, you know, and all that."

"You've said nothing about jewelry."

"Haven't I? Well, when she turned"—

"Just a moment. Was it the jewelry that you were going to speak of when you first accosted her?"

"Yes, it was. Some of it was very valuable, I judge. Wasn't it found on the body?"

"No."

"Not? Robbery, then, probably. Well, she came back at a stride. Her eyes were alive with anger. There came a torrent of words from her—strong words, too. Nothing of the well bred woman left there. I insisted on knowing who she was. Before I could guard myself she had caught up a rock from the road and let me have it. I went over like a tenpin. When I got up she was well along toward the cliffs, and I never did find her trail in that maze of copses and thickets."

"Show me your relative positions when she attacked you."

The artist placed Kent and moved off five paces. "About like that," he said.

"Did she throw overhand or underhand?"

"It was so quick I hardly know. But I should say a short overhand snap. It came hard enough."

"I do not like it at all," said Kent again.

"You say that no jewels were found on the body. Was there any other mark of identification?"

"If there was the sheriff got away with it before I saw it."

"How can you be sure, then, that the dead woman was my visitor?"

"Dennett mentioned a necklace. On the crushed flesh of the dead woman's neck there is the plain impress of a jewel setting. Now, come, Sedgwick,



The Artist Placed Kent and Moved Off Five Paces.

if I'm to help you in this you must help me. Had you ever seen that necklace before?"

"Yes," was the reply, given with obvious reluctance.

"Where?"

"On the neck of the girl of my picture."

Kent's fingers went to his ear, pulling at the lobe until that unoffending pendant stretched like rubber. "You're sure?" he asked.

"There couldn't be any mistake. The stones were matched rose topazes. You mightn't find another like it in the whole country."

Kent whistled, soft and long. "I'm afraid, my boy," he said at length, "I'm very much afraid that you'll have to tell me the whole story of the romance of the pictured face, and this time without reservation."

"That's what I've been guarding against," retorted the other. "It isn't a thing that I can tell, man to man. Don't you understand? Or," he added savagely, "do you misunderstand?"

"No, I don't misunderstand," answered Kent very gently. "I know there are things that can't be spoken not because they are shameful, but because they are sacred. Yet I've got to know about her. Here; I have it. When I'm gone sit down and write it out for me, simply and fully, and send it to my hotel as soon as it is done. You can do that, can't you?"

"Yes, I can do that," decided Sedgwick after some consideration.

CHAPTER IV.

My Lady of Mystery.

Being a single autobiographical chapter from the life of Francis Sedgwick, with editorial comment by Professor Chester Kent.

DEAR Kent—Here goes! I met her first on June 22 at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. Some wonderful cloud effects after a hard rain had brought me out into the open. I had pitched my easel in the hollow on the Martindale road so as to get that clump of pine against the sky. There I sat working away with a will, when I heard the drumming of hoofs, and a horse with a girl in the saddle came whizzing round the turn almost upon me. Just there the rain had made a puddle of thick, sticky mud, the mud pie variety. As the horse went by at full gallop a fine, fat mud pie rose, soared through the air and landed in the middle of my painting. I fairly yelped.

To get it all off was hopeless. However, I went at it and was cursing over the job when the rider came back.

"I heard you cry out," said a voice, very full and low. "Did I hurt you? I hope not."

"No," I said without looking up. "Small thanks to you that you didn't!"

My tone silenced her for a moment. Somehow, though, I got the feeling that she was amused more than abashed at my resentment. And her voice was suspiciously meek when she presently spoke again.

"You're an artist, aren't you?"

"No," I said, busily scraping away at my copperplate. "I'm an archeologist engaged in exhuming an ancient ruin from a square mile of mud."

She laughed, but in a moment became grave again. "I'm so sorry!" she said. "I know I shouldn't come plunging around turns in that reckless way. May I—I should like to—buy your picture?"

"You may not," I replied.

"That isn't quite fair, is it?" she asked. "If I have done damage I should be allowed to repair it."

"Repair?" said I. "How do you propose to do it? I suppose that you think a picture that can be bought for a hundred dollar bill can be painted with a hundred dollar bill."

"No; I'm not altogether a Philistine," she said, and I looked up at her for the first time. Her face— (Elision and comment by Kent: I know her face from the sketches. Why could he not have described the horse? However, there's one point clear: she is a woman of means.)

She said: "I don't wonder you're cross. And I'm truly sorry. Is it quite ruined?"

At that I recovered some decency of manner. "Forgive a hermit," I said, "who doesn't see enough people to keep him civilized. The daub doesn't matter."

She leaped over from the saddle to examine the picture. "Oh, but it isn't a daub!" she protested. "I—I know a little about pictures. It's very interesting and cur... But why do you paint it on copper?"

I explained.

"Oh!" she said. "I should so like to see your prints!"

"Nothing easier," said I. "My shack is just over the hill."

"And there is a Mrs."— her eyes suggested that I fill the blank.

"Sedgwick?" I finished. "No. There is no one but my aged and highly respectable Chinaman to play propriety. But in the case of a studio the conventions are not so rigid but that one may look at pictures unchaperoned."

"I'm afraid it wouldn't do," she answered, smiling. "No, I'll have to wait until"— A shadow passed over her face. "I'm afraid I'll have to give it up."

Chance settled that point then and there. As she finished, she was in my arms. The girth had loosened and the saddle had turned with her. I had barely time to twist her foot from the stirrup when the brute of a horse bolted. As it was, her ankle got a bit of a wrench. She turned quite white and cried out a little. In a moment she was herself again.

"King Cole has been acting badly all day," she said. "I shall have a time catching him." She limped forward a few steps.

"Here, that won't do!" said I. "Let me."

"You couldn't get near him, though, perhaps, if you had some salt"—

"I can get some at my place," said I, gathering up my things. "Your horse is headed that way. You'd better come along and rest there while Ching Lung and I round up your mount."

(Comment by C. K.: Here follows more talk, showing how young people imperceptibly and unconsciously cement an acquaintance, but not one word upon the vital point of how far the horse seemed to have come, whether he was ridden out or fresh, etc.)

At the bungalow I called Ching, and we set out with a supply of salt. King Cole (Comment by C. K.: Probably a dead black horse) was coy for a time before he succumbed to temptation. On my return I found my visitor in the studio. She had said that she knew a little about pictures. She knew more than a little—a good deal, in fact and talked most intelligently about them. I don't say this simply because she tried before she went to buy some of mine. When I declined to sell she seemed put out.

"But surely these prints of yours aren't the work of an amateur?" she said. "You sell?"

"Oh, yes, I sell—when I can. But I don't sell without a good bit of bargaining, particularly when I suspect my purchaser of wishing to make amends by a purchase."

"It isn't that at all," she said earnestly. "I want the pictures for themselves."

"Call this a preliminary, then, and come back when you have more time."

She shook her head, and there was a shadow over the brightness of her face. "I'm afraid not," she said. "But I have enjoyed talking again with some one who knows and loves the best in art. After all," she added with a note of determination, almost of defiance, "there is no reason why I shouldn't some time."

"Then I may look for you again?" I asked.

She nodded as she moved out across the porch. "If you'll promise to sell me any print I may choose. Goodby, and thank you so much, Mr. Sedgwick!"

She held out her hand. It was a hand for sculptor to model, as beautiful and full of character as her face. (Comment by C. K.: Bosh!) Afterward I remembered that never again in our friendship did I see it ungloved. (Comment by C. K.: "Bosh" retracted. Some observation that!)

"Au revoir, then," I said. "But you have the advantage of me, you see. I don't know what to call you at all."

She hesitated, then, with a little soft quiver of her eyelids, which I afterward learned to identify as an evidence of amusement, said: "Daw is a nice name, don't you think?" (Comment by C. K.: False name, of course, but highly probable first name is Marjorie.) "By the way, what time is it?"

"Quarter to 5, Miss Daw."

She smiled at the name. "King Cole will have to do his best if I am to be back for dinner. Goodby." (Comment by C. K.: Good! The place where she is staying is a good way off, assuming a 7:30 dinner hour. Say twelve to fifteen miles.)

That was the first of many visits, of days that grew in radiance for me. It isn't necessary for me to tell you, Kent, how in our talks I came to divine in her a spirit as wistful and pure as her face. You do not want a love story from me, yet that is what it was for me almost from the first; not openly, though. There was that about her which held me at arms' length—the mystery of her, her quickly given trust in me, a certain strained look that came into her face, like the startled attention of a wild thing poised for flight, whenever I touched upon the personal note. Not that I ever questioned her.

After her first visit she did not ride on her horse, but came across lots and through the side hedge, swinging down the hillside yonder with her light dipping stride that always recalled to me the swoop of a swallow, her gloved hands usually holding a slender stick.

All those sketches that you saw were but studies for a more serious attempt to catch and fix her personality. (Comment by C. K.: Couldn't he have given me in two words her height and approximate weight?) I did it in pastel, and if I missed something of her tender and changeful coloring I at least caught the ineffable wistfulness of her expression the look of one hoping against hope for an unconfessed happiness. Probably I had put more of myself into it than I had meant. A man is likely to when he paints with his heart as well as his brain and hand. When it was done I made a little frame for it and lettered on the frame this line:

"And her eyes dreamed against a distant goal."

It was the next day that she read the line. I saw the color die from her face and flood back again.

"Why did you set that line there?" she breathed, her eyes fixed on me with a strange expression. (Comment by C. K.: Rossetti again. The dead woman of the beach quoted "The House of Life" also.)

"Why not?" I asked. "It seems to express something in you which I have tried to embody in the picture. Don't you like it?"

She repeated the line softly, making pure music of it. "I love it," she said.

At that I spoke as it is given to a man to speak to one woman in the world when he has found her. She listened, with her eyes on the pictured face. But when I said to her, "You, who have all my heart, and whose name, even, I have not—is there no word for me," she rose and threw out her hands in a gesture that sent a chill through me.

"Oh, no! No!" she cried vehemently. "Nothing except goodby. Oh, why did you speak?"

I stood and watched her go. That was five interminable days ago. I have not seen her since. I feel it is her will that I shall never see her again. And I must! You understand, Kent, you must find her.

I forgot to tell you that when I was sketching her I asked if she could bring something pink to wear, preferably coral. She came the next time with a string of the most beautiful rose topazes I have ever seen, set in a most curious old gold design. It was that necklace and none other that the woman with the bundle wore, half concealed, when she came here.

Today—it is yesterday really, since I am finishing this at 3 a. m.—the messenger boy brought me a telegram. It was from my love. It had been sent from Boston and it read:

Destroy the picture for my sake. It tells too much of both of us.

The message was unsigned. I have destroyed the picture. Help me!

CHAPTER V.

An Inquiry.

"AM I running a Strangers' Rest here?" Francis Sedgwick asked of himself when he emerged upon his porch the morning after Kent's visit.

The occasion of this query was a man stretched flat on the lawn, with his feet propped up comfortably against the stone wall. His white serge suit was freshly pressed. A soft white hat covered his eyes against the sun glare. To put a point to this foppishness, a narrow silken ribbon, also pure white, depending from his lapel buttonhole, suggested an eyeglass in his pocket.

His was a remarkable face, both in contour and in coloring. From chin to cheek, the skin was white, with a tint of blue showing beneath, but the central parts of the face were bronzed. The jaw was long, lean and bony. The cheek bones were high, the mouth was large, fine cut and firm, the nose solid, set like a rock.

At the sound of a footstep the man pushed his hat downward, revealing a knobby forehead and half closed eyes in which there was a touch of somberness, of brooding.

"Good morning," said the artist, and then all but recoiled from the voice



"Kent!" exclaimed the artist.

that replied, so harsh and raucous it was.

"You rise late," it said.

"I hear your opinion on it," retorted Sedgwick, a bit nettled. "Am I to infer that you have been waiting for me?"

"You wouldn't go far wrong."

"And what can I do for you—before you leave?" said Sedgwick significantly.

"Take a little walk with me presently," said the man in another voice, brushing the hat clear of his face.

"Kent!" exclaimed the artist.

"Well, you appear surprised. What kind of artist are you not to recognize a man simply because he shaves his beard and affects a false voice. I've read your story."

"Already?"

"Already! Do you know it's 10 o'clock? However, it's a good story."

"Thank you."

"As a story. As information, it leaves out most of the important points."

"Thank you again."

"You're welcome. Color, size and trappings of the horse?"

"I didn't notice particularly. Black, I think; yes, certainly black. Rather a large horse. That's all I can tell you."

"Humph! Color, size and trappings of the rider?"

"Reddish brown hair with a gloss like a butterfly's wing," said the artist, with enthusiasm; "deep hazel eyes, clear sun browned skin, tall. I should say quite tall but so so feminine that you wouldn't realize her tallness. She was dressed in a light brown riding costume, with a toque hat, very simple, tan gauntlets and tan boots—that is, the first time I saw her. The next time"—

"Hold on; a dressmaker's catalogue is no good to me! I couldn't remember it all. Was she in riding clothes on any of her later visits?"

"No."

"Any scars or marks?"

"Certainly not!"

"That's a pity, although you seem to think otherwise. Age?"

"We-ell, twenty perhaps."

"Add five. Say twenty five."

"What for?" demanded Sedgwick indignantly.

"I'm allowing for the discount of romance. Did you notice her boots?"

"Not particularly, except that she was always spick and span from head to foot."

"Humph! Was it pretty warm the last week she called on you?"

"Piping!"

"Did she show it?"

"Never a bit. Always looked fresh as a flower."

"Then, although she came far, she didn't walk far to get here. There's a road back of the hill yonder and a little copse in an open field where a motorcar has stood. I should say that she had driven herself there and come across the hill to you."

"Could we track the car?" asked Sedgwick eagerly.

"No farther than the main road. What is the latest she ever left here when she arrived afoot?"

"Once she stayed till half past 6. I begged her to stay and dine, but she drew into herself at the mere suggestion."

"Half past 6. Allowing for a half past . dinner and time to dress for it, she would have perhaps twelve to fifteen miles to go in the car. The name she gave is obviously not her own, not even, I judge, her maiden name."

Sedgwick turned very white. "Do you mean that she is a married woman?" he demanded.

"How could you have failed to see it?" returned the other gently. "A young girl of breeding and social experience would hardly have come to your studio. A married woman might who respected herself with full confidence and knew with the same confidence that you would respect her. And, my dear boy," added Kent, with his quiet winning smile, "you are a man to inspire confidence. Otherwise I myself might have suspected you of having a hand in the death of the woman on the beach."

"Never mind the woman on the beach. This other matter is more than life or death. Is that flimsy supposition all you have to go on?"

"No. Her travel. Her wide acquaintance with men and events. Her obvious poise. And, reverting to tangible fact, as clinching evidence, there are her gloves, which she always wore."

"What about her gloves?"

"You never saw her left hand, did you?"

"Oh, I see. You mean the wedding ring. Well, I suppose," continued Sedgwick, with a tinge of contempt in his voice, "she could have taken off her ring as easily as her gloves."

There was no answering contempt in Chester Kent's voice as he replied: "But a ring, constantly worn and then removed, leaves an unmistakable mark. What the connection between her and the corpse on the beach may be is the problem. My immediate business is to discover who the dead woman is."

"And mine," said Sedgwick hoarsely, "to discover the living."

"We'll at least start together," replied Kent. "Come!"

Twenty minutes of curving and dodging along the rocky roads in Kent's runabout brought them to the turnpike in sight of the town of Annaiaka.

"The inquest is set for 11 o'clock," said Kent.

"All right," said Sedgwick with equal taciturnity.

They turned a corner and ran into the fringe of a crowd hovering about the town hall. Halting his machine in a bit of shade, Kent surveyed the gathering. At one point it thickened about a man who was talking eagerly, the vocal center of a small circle of silence.

"Elder Dennett," said Kent, "back from Cadystown. You'll have to face the music now. One word of warning: Don't lose your head or your temper if the suspicion raised against you by Dennett is strengthened by me. My concern is to get to the bottom of this matter. There is something the sheriff knows that I don't know. Probably it is the identity of the body. To force him into the open it may be necessary for me to augment the case against you."

"Ought I to be ready for arrest?"

"Hardly probable at present. No; go on the stand when you're called and tell the truth and nothing but the truth."

"But not the whole truth?"

"Nothing of the necklace. You won't be questioned about that. By the way, you have never kept among your artistic properties anything in the way of handcuffs, have you?"

"No."

"I didn't suppose you had. Those manacles are a sticker. I don't—I absolutely do not like those manacles. And on one wrist only. Perhaps that is the very fact, though. Well, we shall know more when we're older; two hours older, say. Whether we shall know all that Mr. Sheriff Len Schlager knows is another question. I don't like Mr. Schlager, either, for that matter."

"Dennett has seen me," said Sedgwick in a low voice.

Indeed, the narrator's voice had abruptly ceased and he stood with the dropped jaw of stupefaction. One after another of his auditors turned and stared at the two men in the motorcar.

"Stay where you are," said Kent and stepped out to mingle with the crowd.

No one recognized at first the immaculate flannel clad man as the bearded scientist whose strange actions had amused the crowd on the beach. A heavy, solemn man addressed him:

"Friend of his?" he asked, nodding toward the artist.

"Yes."

"He'll need 'em. Going to give evidence?"

"To hear it, rather," replied Kent pleasantly. "Where's the body?"

"Inside. Just brought it over from Dr. Breed's. He's the medical officer, and he and the sheriff are running the show. Your friend wants a lawyer, mayb—?"

The thought struck Kent that, while a lawyer might be premature, a friend in the town might be very useful.

"Yes," he said; "from tomorrow on."

"Meanin' that you're in charge today," surmised the big man shrewdly.

Kent smiled. "I dare say we shall get on very well together, Mr."— His voice went up interrogatively.

"Bain. Adam Bain, attorney and counselor at law for thirty years in the town of Annaiaka."

"Thank you. My name is Kent. You already know my friend's name. What kind of man is this medical officer?"

"Breed? Not much. More of a politician than a doctor and more of a horse trader than either. Fidgety as a sandpaper undershirt."

"Did he perform the autopsy at his own house?"

"Him and the sheriff last evening. Didn't even have an undertaker to help lay out."

The lobe of Kent's ear began to suffer from repeated handling. "The body hasn't been identified, I suppose?"

"Nobody's had so much as a wink at it but those two and Ira Dennett. He viewed the corpse last night. That's why I guess your friend needs his friends and maybe a lawyer."

"Exactly. Mr. Dennett doesn't seem to be precisely a deaf mute."

Lawyer Bain emitted the bubbling chuckle of the fat throated. "It's quite some time since Iry won any prizes for silent thought," he stated. "You are known hereabouts?" he added after a pause.

"Very little."

"Gansett Jim, yonder, looks as if he kinder cherished the honor of your acquaintance."

Over his shoulder Kent caught the half breed's glance fixed upon him with stolid intensity. A touch on his arm made him turn to the other side, where Sailor Smith faced him.

"Didn't hardly know you with your beard off," piped the old man. "Howdy, professor? You're finickied up like your own weddin'."

"Good morning," said the scientist. "Are you going inside? Sit with us, won't you? Mr. Sedgwick is with me."

The ex-sailor started. "Him!" he exclaimed. "Here? There's been quite a lot o' talk"—

"Suspicion, you mean."

"We-ll, yes."

"People are inclined to connect Mr. Sedgwick with the death of the woman."

"What else can you expect?" returned the old man deprecatingly. "Iry Dennett's been tellin' his story. He's certain the woman he seen talkin' to Mr. Sedgwick is the dead woman—willin' to swear to it anywheres."

"What about Gansett Jim? Has he contributed anything to the discussion?"

"No. Jim's as close tongued as Iry is clatter mouthed."

"And probably with reason," muttered Kent. "Well, I'll look for you inside."

He returned to join Sedgwick. Together they entered the building, while behind them a rising hum testified to the interest felt in them by the villagers.

Within a tall, wizened man with dead, fishy eyes stalked nervously to and fro on a platform, beside which a hastily constructed coffin with a hasped cover stood on three sawhorses. On a chair near by slouched the sheriff, his face red and streaming. A few perspiring men and women were scattered on the benches. Outside a clock struck 11. There was a quick inflow of the populace, and the man on the platform lifted up a chittering voice.

"Feller citizens," he said, "as medical officer I declare these proceedings opened. Meaning no disrespect to the deceased, we want to get through as spry as possible. First we will hear witnesses. Anybody who thinks he can throw any light on this business can have a hearing. Then those as wants may view the remains. The burial will take place right afterward in the town buryin' ground, our feller citizen and sheriff, Mr. Len Schlager, having volunteered the expenses."

(Continued on Page 6.)

"NOW I FEEL FULL OF PEP"

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Settles Down at 150

The first 150 years are the wildest for an elephant, according to Siam, once the most unpopular beast in captivity, observes a writer in the Montreal Herald. And Paris, where life is reputed to be wild, wants Siam back because he is wild no more. One hundred years ago Napoleon took him from Egypt to Paris. Siam was so temperamental that Napoleon gave the beast to Emperor Franz Joseph of Austria. In Schoembrunn, Siam made himself a nuisance, and Franz Joseph finally gave him to the City of Budapest, where he still remains. Siam became tame and now even earns a good living. He begs money from spectators at the zoo and hands the coins over to the keeper.

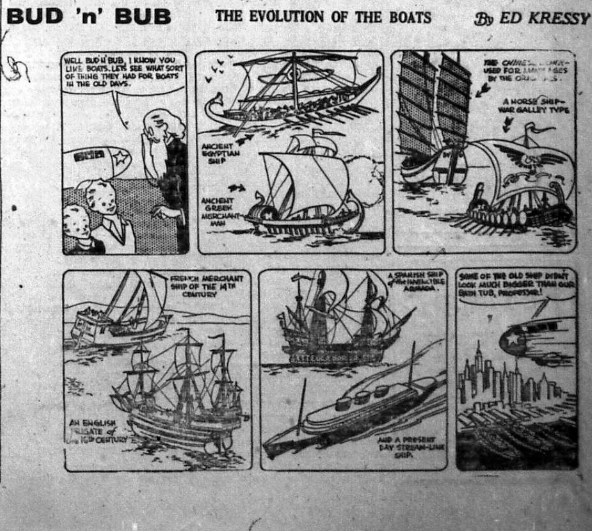
"Lanterns of the Dead"

About halfway on the road from Angers to Poitiers, in France, one comes upon the old town of Fontevault, which is famous not only for an ancient abbey, where English kings have wished they could be buried, but for a fine example of those once mystifying lanterns of the dead, lanterns des morts. The purpose of these tall stone funerary lanterns, built like inland lighthouses, was not known till a few years ago a passage was found in the writings of Peter the Venerable, a Nineteenth century abbot of Cluny, revealing that they were lit in homage to the dead Christians. Most of them date from the Eleventh century.

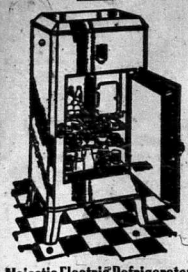
Columbus Room Restored

The room in which Christopher Columbus first told Queen Isabella of his plans for the voyage in which he discovered America has been restored at Segovia, Spain. It is the throne room in the main tower of the Alcazar. All the Fifteenth century furniture and furnishings have been copied, the thrones being exact duplicates of those used by Ferdinand and Isabella at that time. The scarlet silk hangings bearing the coats of arms of the kings, and tapestries, window and low portals of the guards also have been copied in every detail.

BUD 'n' BUB — THE EVOLUTION OF THE BOATS — By ED KRESSY



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THE NAPANEE EXPRESS

Cheese Board.

At the meeting of the Napanee Cheese Board on Saturday, 762 cheese were sold at 11c.

Very Small Market.

There was a very small market on Saturday, the smallest in some time. There was considerable garden produce, including early potatoes. The concert showers helped the strawberries, and there was a fairly good supply offered for sale.

Splendid Improvement.

A splendid improvement has been made to the brick front of the Mills Hatchery building, at the foot of John St. The brick work has been painted a light color and with the contrast painting on the window sash, shows up for a considerable distance.

Held a Picnic.

On Tuesday evening several of the young people of the town held a delightful picnic along the shores of Collins Bay, and packing their baskets had a sumptuous repast. Later in the evening the picnic party went to Bayside Gardens where dancing was enjoyed at this popular pavilion.

Bowling.

Several of the local bowlers, including Joe Taman, Harry Williams and Charlie Giles were in Deseronto on Wednesday afternoon and evening and took part in the initial tournament sponsored by the Lawn Bowling Club. At 5 o'clock the members of the Ladies 'Club served delicious refreshments.

Returned Home.

Mayor A. S. Kimmerly returned home on Saturday and Messrs C. A. Walters and W. T. MacKenzie returned home on Wednesday from Boston where they attended the convention of International Rotary as representatives from the Napanee Club. Mayor Kimmerly reports that over 10,000 Rotarians were in attendance, and profitable end enjoyable sessions were held.

Golf.

A most delightful event took place at the Napanee Golf and Country Club on Wednesday afternoon, June 28th, when the gentleman and lady members joined in a two-ball Foursome. The competition was on medal play, the winners being Miss Dorothy Wilson and Mr. J. B. Allison. After the match, tea was served in the club house, and a bit of bridge brought to a close a thoroughly enjoyable day.

Unfortunate Accident.

Mr. Ezra Woodcock, who resides at Mount Pleasant, met with a peculiar accident on Wednesday afternoon, during the progress of the hurricane. His son Malcolm had just driven the car in the barn, and Mr. Woodcock went to close the door, when a heavy gale of wind thrust it forward, the bottom of the door striking Mr. Woodcock a little above the ankle of the left foot, causing a very severe fracture. Medical aid was sent for and the fracture was reduced.

Coal Shipment.

Two large shipments of coal arrived in the local water on Thursday evening and Friday morning. Over 700 tons of soft coal were brought in for Wilfred Wilson's coal yard, which is one of the largest cargoes brought here in some time. For the first time in five years a boat load of Pennsylvania Hard Coal arrived in the local waters, and was consigned to the Napanee Fuel and Supply Company. For the past five years hard coal has been brought in by train, and the last shipment which came by boat was brought by Capt. Jack McCullough.

Concluding Meeting.

The officers and members of Napanee Chapter No. 151, O.E.S., held their concluding meeting for the summer on Tuesday night last, and despite the hot weather, there was a splendid attendance. The Worthy Matron, Mrs. Fred L. Taverner gave an excellent and very comprehensive report of the proceedings of Grand Chapter, which was held recently at Niagara Falls. It was also decided to hold a picnic, and the date selected was the last Wednesday afternoon in July. The designated place is at Beaver Lake if the arrangements can be made. At the conclusion of the Chapter session, ice cream, cake and strawberries were served.

Conducted Service.

The brethren of Union Lodge No. 9, A. F. & A. M., conducted the funeral service of the late Mr. Hurrell W. Huffman, which was held at the Masonic Temple, Kingston, on Thursday afternoon. Several Masons attended from the local lodge, and they were joined by brethren from the city lodges of Kingston. Rev. Thos. Green, minister of Queen St. United Church, referred to the several visits which he had made to the sick room. Miss Pearl Nesbitt, A.T.C.M., organist of Queen St. Church, very kindly presided at the organ, and two favorite hymns of the deceased were sung, namely, "Jesus Lover of My Soul" and "Abide With Me." There was a profusion of beautiful floral tributes, and these were banked around the casket, which was in the centre of the lodge room. After the service, the cortege proceeded to the Moscow cemetery, where the committal service was read by Rev. Thos. Green. This was followed by the Masonic burial service.

GRACE UNITED CHURCH

REV. R. T. RICHARDS, B.A., B.D., Minister.

9.30 a.m.—Class Meeting.
10.30 a.m.—Morning worship conducted by the minister.
11.45 a.m.—Sunday School.

Visitors cordially invited to all services.

Adolphustown W. I.

The Adolphustown Women's Institute will meet at the home of Mrs. Wm. Reynolds on Wednesday, July 12, at 2 p.m. Contest for House Dresses.

Training Course.

Fifteen officers and N.C.O.'s of the "B" Company, Frontenac Regiment, left on Monday for Barriefield Camp, Kingston, where some will take a Part Two course while others will take a course in signalling. They expect to be gone two weeks.

Help Wanted.

To carry 22 lbs. of beef for $1.00; Stew Beef, 5c. per lb.; Pot Roast, 7c. to 9c. per lb.; Sirloin and T Bone Steak, 13c. per lb.; Round Steak, 10c. per lb. Open Wednesday afternoons and every evening to 10 p.m.

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Union Services.

The first of the Union Services with the congregations of Trinity and St. Andrew's Churches, took place in St. Andrew's Church on Sunday, with the Rev. A. J. Wilson in charge. In the morning communion was observed, and Mr. Wilson was assisted by Rev. Harry Dawson, of Trinity Church, and Rev. P. A. Scott.

Yarker in the Lead.

In a county league game played at Yarker on Saturday afternoon, the home team defeated the Maple Leafs of Adolphustown, securing a shut out, the score being 6-0. The previous Saturday, the Maple Leafs won from Yarker by a close margin, Yarker sustaining the first defeat of the season. The Yarker team is leading the county league.

Frontenacs Win from Grace Church

The Frontenac team vanquished the Grace Church team in a league game which was played on Wednesday evening. Two or three of the players on the latter team were unable to play, which weakened the team to a considerable extent. However the soldier boys played bang up ball and hit to all corners of the field. There was the usual large attendance and the game provided lots of excitement.

Silos Blown Down.

Walter Cranston, who resides on the Deseronto Road, had the misfortune to lose two silos on Wednesday afternoon during the hurricane. Considerable damage was done throughout the district, particularly in Camden East and Yarker. Large trees were uprooted, and in Yarker the transformer was dislodged. The local hydro men worked until nearly three o'clock on Thursday morning and were in Yarker all day Thursday.

Made Presentation.

Mr. C. E. Jamieson, Principal of the Napanee Collegiate and Vocational School, was in Perth on Saturday, and in the evening presented a beautiful silver cup to the company in the Peterboro Rangers for the highest standing. The Rangers have been at camp and Brig. Gen. Anderson was expected to have been present for the occasion. The cup, including base, stands about fifteen inches in height, and was donated by Mr. Jamieson, who for over eighteen years was a resident of the Lift Lock city, having been a member of the teaching staff.

Good Layers.

Mr. Ray Perry, operating an R. O. P. station for the Mills Hatchery, has a White Leghorn hen which has laid 200 eggs from November 27th to June 30th, 216 days. This hen has until Nov. 27th to complete her year's record. Mr. Perry's hens have been fed Monarch Laying Mash exclusively since starting to lay. Mr. Perry has a number of hens who have produced from 150 eggs up. Mr. Stewart Shetler, who also operates a R. O. P. station, of Barred Rocks, is running Mr. Perry a close race with a high producer of 195 eggs in the same time, and has many high producers among his flock.

Band Concert.

The Citizens' Band will give the following program on Friday evening, July 7th, at 8.30 o'clock (D.S.T.) in the Harvey Warner Park:

March—The Little Giant.
Plantation Medley—The Best Loved Songs.
March—"Hero of the Isthmus."
Waltz—"Flowers of the Wildwoods."
March—"On Wisconsin."

Intermission

March—Albanian March.
Overture—Normandie.
March—Our Defenders.
Serenade—Twilight Echoes.
March—Bronson's Concert Band.
Tuba Solo, Sacred—Let the Lower Lights be Burning—Mr. Harry Garrett.

GOD SAVE THE KING.

Say you saw it in The Express.

ST. MARY MAGDALENE'S CHURCH

Rev. Canon R. J. Dumbrille, Vicar.

Services for 4th Sunday after Trinity.

11 a.m.—Holy Communion and Sermon.
7 p.m.—Evensong and Sermon.

A Correction.

An error occurred in the report of the W. I. Convention in last week's issue. In the election of officers, Mrs. Snider, Wilton, was named as Federated Director, when she should have been District Representative.

Just The Way You See It In The Movies.

How a poor but worthy working girl in a cheap restaurant serves a sandwich to a rich banker, wins his heart and will move from a dingy room to become mistress of his mansion, will be told in The American Weekly, next Sunday, in The Detroit Sunday Times.

NAPANEE SOFTBALL STANDING

	Played	Won	Lost
Newburgh	9	8	1
Selries	8	7	1
Richmond	9	5	4
Frontenacs	8	3	5
Strathcona	10	3	7
Grace Church	9	2	7
Gretna	7	2	5

Scores of Games Last Week

Selries 12; Newburgh 3.
Newburgh 22; Grace Church 10.
Richmond 19; Strathcona 10.

Games This Week

Wednesday, July 5th—
Selrites at Grace Church.
Friday, July 7th.—
Grace Church at Richmond.
Newburgh at Frontenacs.
Monday, July 10th.—
Gretna at Selrites.

PROMOTION EXAMINATIONS

S. S. No. 12, Richmond, June 1933

Names in order of merit.

Jr. IV. to Sr. IV.—Maybelle Pringle.
III. to IV.—Clarence Taylor, Hon.; Bobbie Robertson, Harry Doyle, Herbert Bell, Carmen Wayte (conditioned.)
II. to III.—Harold Wayte, Hon.; Margaret Benn, Hon.; June Curran, Gordon Bell.
I. to II.—Josephine Robertson, Hon. Sr. Pr.—Arlene Grooms and Lorna Fuller, Hon.; Gerald Curran, June Bell.
Jr. Pr.—Jean Wayte, Hon.

M. A. McCULLOUGH,
Teacher.

BELL ROCK

Rain is very badly needed in this locality.

There was a good attendance at the O. R. E. Convention held in the United Church last week.

Dr. A. A. Grant and Mrs. Grant of Sugar Grove, Pa., have returned home after a pleasant weeks visit at his old home here. While here Dr. Grants relatives held a family re-union in the form of a picnic at First Lake.

The Misses Ruth and Eva Meeks have returned to Belleville Hospital to resume their duties, after a pleasant holiday at their fathers, L. Meeks'.

Rev. Alfred Bishop and Mrs. Bishop called on several of their parishioners on Wednesday.

Mrs. W. Walker has returned from Napanee accompanied by her daughter Helen, who was attending the Napanee C. I.

Mrs. Jas. Meeks has arrived home after a pleasant visit with her sisters, Mrs. W. Connors and Mr. Connors of Odessa.

Mrs. Mary Revelle and daughter Gladys, have left for Gananoque to visit friends.

Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Percy attended the funeral of Mrs. Percy's aunt and cousin, who were killed in an auto accident near Brighton on Saturday last.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Revelle spent Tuesday with the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. Martin of Holleford.

Mrs. Gonu spent last week with Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Amey of Selby.

Mrs. Fred Carr is a patient in the Hotel Dieu Hospital, Kingston. Her sister, Miss Alvce Porter of Yarker, was with her for a few days beofre her removal to the hospital.

PREVENTING PIG LOSSES

One of the common causes of death among sucking pigs is nutritional anaemia. The critical period is between two and four weeks of age. During this period and until weaning, the sucking pig must have access to some source of iron in addition to the mother's milk. Professor Knox, O.A.C., says the Swine Division of the Dominion Department of Agriculture, states that one of the simplest means of prevention of loss is to place sods, one foot square in size, which have been treated with a solution of ferric sulphate, in a small pen, one sod for each pig each week. This sulphate can be sprinkled on the sod with an ordinary watering can, and the strength of the solution should be one teaspoonful of ferric sulphate to one quart of water per sod. It is wise to secure sods from areas where pigs have not frequented for at least one year, in order to prevent possible parasitic infection.

TRINITY UNITED CHURCH

REV. HARRY PAWSON, Minister.

United services with St. Andrew's during July and August.

Sunday, July 9th, service in Trinity Church at 10.30 a.m. and 8 o'clock.

Sunday school closed during July.

ROBLIN

A few from here attended the horse races in Napanee on Monday.

Miss Mary Kimmett and friend, of Toronto, motored down on Friday evening to spend the holiday and week-end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Kimmett.

Our new minister, Rev. Craig, arrived on Friday and preached his first sermon on Sunday.

Rev. and Mrs. Roy Schermehorn and family visited his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Schermehorn, Sr., last week.

Mrs. C. E. Storr and granddaughter, Renotta Jean Hicks, of Deseronto, visited her brother, Mr. C. H. Kimmett and Mrs. Kimmett a few days. Master Bobby returned with them for his holidays.

Miss Mildred Easterbrooke returned home from Trenton last week, after spending a few weeks there nursing.

Miss Florence Smith, Sharp's Corners, spent a day with Mrs. Fred McFarlane recently.

There was a large attendance at the regular meeting of the Ladies' Aid, at the home of Mrs. Volney Woods on Tuesday evening of last week. Marlbank ladies were visitors and put on a splendid program. The men all turned out also.

Messrs. Jim, Bill and Joel Schermehorn, of Peace River, Sask., motored home to visit their mother, Mrs. L. Schermehorn of Forest Hills and other relatives, only taking seven days for the trip of 3,000 miles.

Misses Jean and Isobel Paul are holidaying at Petawawa.

That's the Limit.

I don't mind the whiz of the passing machine,
And I cheerfully scramble and dodge,
But it galls me to feel
That the man at the wheel
Calls his remodeled henhouse "garage."
—Detroit Free Press.

Qualified Enthusiasm.

"Don't you think he is too cute for anything?" asked the proud young mother, referring to her baby.

"Oh, I don't know," replied her sixteen-year-old brother. "He's cute enough, I guess, but I never did think much of people who hadn't any teeth."
—Chicago Record-Herald.

Wuff!

"I don't like my wife," said Bill Badger.
"Her talk makes me madder and madder.
I'm a freckled bookkeeper,
But to make me feel cheaper
She calls me her old spotted adder."
—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Cause For Rejoicing.

"Your wife used to like to sing, and she played the piano a lot. Now we don't hear her at all. How's that?"

"She hasn't the time. We have two little children."

"Well, well! After all, children are a blessing!"—Dallas News.

Her Predicament.

Poor mother hangs around the sink
With deep distress to voice.
The hats are always out of style
Ere she can make a choice.
—Kansas City Journal.

ODESSA

The work of re-building the new hall is progressing nicely, and very little time has been lost owing to the ideal weather conditions. The flooring was completed a few days ago, and the workmen are busily engaged putting up the framework and this should be completed shortly. After this is done, the roof will be started and then the hardwood flooring. When completed the building will add greatly to the appearance of the street.

Rev. Dr. Fletcher was in Napanee on Thursday evening and assisted in the induction of Rev. R. T. Richards, formerly of Port Perry, into the pastorate of Grace United Church. Immediately after the induction, Dr. Fletcher left for Wilton to attend the annual garden party which was held under the auspices of the United Church of that village.

The public school closed for the holidays on Thursday afternoon and the out-of-town teachers left for their respective homes.

The examinations of the continuation school have been in progress, with Mr. Rossell, principal of the Newburgh High School, as presiding examiner.

The Entrance examinations are being held this week, which is somewhat later than last summer.

Miss Pearl Peters, of Kingston, is the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Alfred Babcock and Mr. Babcock.

Mrs. S. W. Clarke of Oshawa, has been spending a few days at her home in the village.

Herbert Clarke, of Kingston, was a guest at the home of Thomas Kenny on Tuesday last.

Fred Wales of Toronto spent a few days at the home of Mrs. John Mancur, and on his return was accompanied by Mrs. Wales, who has been spending the past month with her aunt, Mrs. Mancur.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wales and daughter Nancy, who have been spending the past two weeks the guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Smith, and Mrs. W. C. Jenkins, left on Thursday to spend a few days with relatives in Toronto before returning to their home in Rochester.

Mrs. H. S. Davy, who has been spending the past winter in Toronto with her son, ex-Ald. Davy, has returned to Odessa for a short time. The condition of Mr. Davy, who has been ill for some time, remains unchanged.

George Fletcher of Moosejaw, Sask., is the guest of Rev. Dr. Fletcher and Mrs. Fletcher.

Mrs. H. E. Taylor is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Miles Bennington, and Mr. Bennington, Kingston.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Humphries, Sharp's Corners, were the recent guests of Mr. and Mrs. B. G. Hamm.

Mrs. Little, of Oswego, N.Y., is visiting her sister, Mrs. William Henry, and Mr. Henry.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Sharpe recently returned home after a delightful holiday at various points in the United States, and enroute home from the south attended the fair in Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. William Frink have returned home after spending the past three weeks with their daughters, Mrs. Tagg and Mrs. Clickner, of Rochester, N.Y.

Mr. Allan Babcock has been appointed Life Guard at the bathing houses for the hot season.

Wonderland!

Napanee's Favorite Place of Amusement

OUR SCREEN SPEAKS

WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY

Fox Film presents

"BONDAGE"

with DOROTHY JORDAN and ALEXANDER KIRKLAND in the leading roles.

Also a good Comedy and News Reel.

FRIDAY and SATURDAY

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR., LORETTA YOUNG and GUY KIBBER present

"THE LIFE OF JIMMY DOLAN"

Also a good Comedy and News Reel.

MONDAY and TUESDAY

Paramount present ALISON SKIPWORTH, ROLAND YOUNG and SARI MARITZA in their latest starring picture

"A LADY'S PROFESSION"

Also a Comedy, Cartoon, and other Reels.

TUESDAY NIGHT is "DINNERWARE NIGHT."

TAMWORTH

Mr. and Mrs. Ferris, of Toronto, are visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. M. Wallace.

The Misses Duncan, Cole, Harrod, and Crago, of the teaching staff here have finished their duties for the year and are spending a part of their holidays there.

Mrs. A. B. Carscallen has returned home after having spent the past month with her daughter, Mrs. Whaley, at Little Current.

"The Lord spake unto Joshua, I will not fail thee, nor forsake thee. Be strong and of a good courage; for unto this people shalt thou divide for an inheritance the land which I sware unto their fathers to give them. Only be thou strong and very courageous, that thou mayest observe to do according to all the law which Moses my servant commanded thee; turn not from it to the right hand or to the left, that thou mayest prosper whithersoever thou goest. This book of the law (our first five books of the Bible) shall not depart out of thy mouth; but thou shalt meditate therein day and night, that thou mayest observe to do according to all that is written therein; for then thou shalt make thy way prosperous, and then thou shalt have good success. Have not I commanded thee? Be strong and of a good courage; be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed; for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest," Joshua 1: 5-9.

A BIBLE LOVER.

GET IT AT
WALLACE'S

Governor-General Visits Boys' Farm



The annual closing exercises of the Boys' Farm and Training School at Shawbridge, Que., were made memorable for the 150 boys of the institution recently when they were honored by the presence of the Earl of Bessborough, Governor-General of Canada, who addressed the school and gave out the prizes. Accompanied by E. W. Beatty, K.C., chairman and president of the Canadian Pacific Railway, who is also president of the Boys' School, and a number of directors and wellwishers of the institution, His Excellency was the object of a great ovation by the boys on the arrival of the special train at the Farm. This is shown in top photograph of the lay-out. Lower left, the Governor-General is shown shaking hands with Major Ralph Willcock, D.S.O., superintendent of the School, and at the right His Excellency is acknowledging the plaudits of the boys from the steps of the special train. It was the first time in the 25 years' existence of the School that a Governor-General of Canada had taken part in the closing exercises of the Institution. His Excellency, addressing the School, stressed character as being of vital importance to success in life.

Aleck McCall's Mad Jealousy

By CHARLES SLOAN REID

ALECK McCALL was swinging along the mountain trail by long strides. His rifle lay across his shoulder, and in his hand he carried a brace of pheasants. Aleck was happy. There was a new little cabin just half a mile ahead to which Aleck had carried Polly Goodiron less than a month before, a bride.

Old man Goodiron, his wife and two daughters had moved in on the Cullowhee range five years before, from somewhere over in Transylvania. Polly was the elder of the two girls; and some had hinted that she had left a sweetheart in the county from which she came, this being the reason she had put off Aleck McCall for so long, for McCall was the outstanding young mountaineer on the range. Aleck's stride was almost a dance step, as he hurried towards home.

"Polly, Polly, Polly, the purtiest gal in the world," he kept singing in his thoughts.

Aroun the head of a little ravine, across t nose of a ridge, then along the crest of it he hurried until he had reached a spot where a huge boulder n the fork in the trail. Here McCall paused to contemplate in silent joy the sight of the little home.

Suddenly the young mountaineer grounded the butt of his rifle, and the brace of pheasants slipped from his hand. In the twilight now gathered about the cabin door were to be seen a man and a woman. The woman was Polly, but the man was a total stranger. He was dressed like a Westerner, Aleck thought, for he wore one of those broad-brim, heavy white hats which he had seen worn a few times by men returned from the West. But the part that filled his soul with horror was the sight of Polly in the stranger's arms.

The embrace had lasted for only an instant; but in that instant all of the joy had gone out of Aleck McCall's soul. He lowered his gaze to the rocks at his feet, and his fingers gripped his rifle barrel with a clutch that might have crushed anything but steel. He stood there thus for some moments, then slowly the gun stock came to his shoulder, as once more his eyes turned towards the cabin lot. Polly and the stranger were standing only a little way apart now. Slowly, slowly, the rifle barrel came toward a level. Presently it steadied, with the barrel pressed against the boulder, and the muzzle of it trained upon the cabin lot. The side of Aleck's face sank toward the firelock, and his finger clutched the trigger. Now his eye drew the bead of the rifle along the top of the barrel. A moment later a sharp "Crack!" rang out over the ravine below. Before the cabin door, a hundred yards away, the stranger staggered backward and went to the ground on his back, his big hat flying before him. A scream went up from Polly's throat; and Aleck McCall set his teeth down hard upon his lower lip. Turning aside from the rock he retraced his way back along the mountain trail.

"God, thar ain't nothin' more for me to stay around here for," he exclaimed, after a long silence.

Presently his shoulders began to sway from side to side, and hot tears stole from his eyes. "But I got to have one more look of her, afore I git out—I—I jes' got to!" he cried, no more than half aloud. When he arose from the log, the darkness of night had gathered. Once more he set out for the cabin.

When McCall strode down into the clearing about the cabin, with a queer smile he noted the gleam of firelight from beneath the cabin door. He crept forward to the doorstep, never once turning his gaze toward the spot where the stranger had fallen at the crack of his rifle. He heard voices inside of the house.

"Polly, what yuh reckon's a keepin' Aleck? I shore am anxious to see what yuh got when yuh got married."

It was a man's voice speaking. The red arose to Aleck McCall's temples. Seizing the latch string in the cabin door he gave it a jerk. The door swung inward. Then, as his big form stood framed in the doorway, Polly suddenly threw herself upon his breast, her arms around his neck.

"Brother Bill's come home, Aleck!" she cried, at the same time squeezing his neck so hard he hardly could breathe.

The stranger came forward and thrust out his hand. "Yeah," he said, "I had a hard time a findin' the old folks an' these kids."

Aleck's eyes stared unseeingly for a moment. "What yuh mean, Polly?" he asked.

"Why, Aleck; yuh see, I never told yuh about Bill, c'ase he had to run away six years ago. But thet scrape's been settled, so Bill's come back."

"An' some galoot took a crack at me out o' the woods jes' time I got here tonight," laughed Bill. "Must ha' took me for a houn'."

"I reckon," agreed Aleck.

"Clipped a hole slap through muh hat."

It was an hour later that Polly got a chance to whisper to Aleck: "I shore am glad yuh's so jealous o' me, Aleck! I knowed hit was you as fired thet shot—ain't another man on the Cullowhee as could ha' done it like thet, an' never clipped a hair."

To Stain Gun Barrel

A solution for staining a gunbarrel blue can be made by dissolving 4½ ounces of hyposulphite of soda in a quart of water; also 1¼ ounces of acetate of lead in a quart of water. Mix the two together and bring to a boil in a porcelain dish or stone pot. Clean the barrel free from grease, oil or varnish, warm the barrel, and smear with the hot solution, using a piece of sponge tied to a stick. When the color develops, wash and wipe dry; finish with boiled linseed oil.

Taxed for Cussing; Money Is Used to Build Church

La Guayra, Venezuela, little known to cruiser ships a few years ago, has become exceedingly popular of late. Caracas, the capital of Venezuela, is reached by an ascent up a magnificent highway. It is only seven miles by air line from La Guayra, but 23 over the tortuous road which winds upward through some of the most striking scenery in northern South America. La Guayra is interesting for its "Inglesia de la Santisima Carramba"—the Church of the Most Holy Damn. This edifice was built with the proceeds of fines paid to a priest by those of his parishioners who were accomplished in profanity and were taxed for each cuss word they used.

Cartagena, Colombia, is one of the oldest cities on the Spanish Main. Founded in 1533, it still contains much that is picturesque, mosque-like domes and Moorish towers, fortifications everywhere. Walls enclose the city, often with ramparts 30 feet high and from 40 to 100 feet wide, built to resist the pirates. Francis Drake and Henry Morgan were among those who laid siege to the city.

Finds Sausages, Bananas of Similar Architecture

"Evidence of efforts to implant food wisdom in the young Japanese mind is provided by the National Provisioner in a quotation from a sample of school composition.

"'The banana are great remarkable fruit. He are constructed in the same architectural style as the honourable sausage. Difference being skin of sausage are habitually consumed, while it are not adviceable to eat rapping of banana.

"'Banana are held aloft while consuming; sausage are usually left in reclining position. Sausage depend for creation on human being or stuffing machine, while banana are pristine product of honourable Mother Nature.

"'In case of sausage both conclusions are attached to other sausages; honourable banana, on the other hand, are joined on one end to the stem and [illegible] loose.'"

Lancastrian Schools

Not until the Nineteenth century was well advanced was there any public school system in the United States. In 1798, in England, Joseph Lancaster established at Southwark a free school for the poor. De Witt Clinton became interested in public education in New York and instigated the Public School society. The Lancastrian system by that time was known in America and was adopted. The principle on which it operated provided a teacher aided by monitors selected from the pupils as they advanced. As many as 1,000 pupils were instructed by one teacher and these assistants.

Bottomless Lake of Pitch

Trinidad, known as the "Land of Hummingbirds," attracts many visitors because of the famous Pitch lake at La Brea, a mysterious expanse of asphalt which appears to have no bottom, as holes left when the pitch is dug out fill up again immediately. In Trinidad one sees many Hindus, the men in elaborate turbans, silk blouses and flowing robes and the women wearing gold rings, anklets, heavy earrings and silver bracelets. Port of Spain, the principal city, has a population of 200,000, mostly black.

Two Brothers Were Governors

John and William Bigler were elected governors of their states, California and Pennsylvania, on the same day in 1851. Both were born in Pennsylvania, of German descent. John Bigler went to California at the time of the gold rush and was elected governor for two terms. He was born in 1804 and died in 1871. William Bigler was born in 1814 and died in 1880. He served as governor of Pennsylvania and also as United States senator from that state.

Illiteracy

The law stipulates that aliens over sixteen years of age must be able to read the English language or some other language or dialect, but exception is made in the case of persons physically incapable of reading; also, any admissible alien or any citizen of the United States may bring in or send for his father or grandfather, over fifty-five years of age, his wife, his mother, grandmother, unmarried or widowed daughter, provided they are otherwise admissible.

R. R. Bridge Across Tops of Trees

A railway runs across the tops of trees in California. At a spot near the coast there is a deep ravine, over which a way for the trains had to be made. To build a bridge of stone or iron was too costly, so it was determined to utilize the trees. The top branches were cut off at the level of the banks and the timbers for the line were laid on the stumps. This railway bridge is said to be quite safe.—London Tit-Bits.

Mongolia

Mongolia [illegible] tableland in Central Asia, the traditional home of the Mongol peoples, and formerly was a definite dependency of the Chinese empire. Now it is divided into two distinct cultural and political entities—Inner Mongolia, which is becoming absorbed into China, and Outer Mongolia, a republic in close relations with the Russian Soviet federation.

Revere Church Bell for $1,300

A rare church bell cast by Paul Revere brought $1,300 at an auction in Boston, where a number of other early American relics were sold. The church bell is 37 inches high and 45 inches in diameter and was removed from a church in West Newbury, Mass., after the church had been destroyed by fire about 25 years ago. Cast in relief around the upper part of the bell are the words "Revere Boston 1823."

Dipper Bird Walks Under Water in Search of Food

A small bird which has the appearance of a large wren and flies like a kingfisher is an extraordinary creature called the "dipper" from its habit of walking under water in search of food.

This bird is usually found around mountain streams. It cannot be mistaken, for its dark body with a snow-white breast shows it up at once.

No matter how fast the water may be dashing over boulders, you will see the dipper standing on a rock only a few inches above the swirling current, all the time dipping. If it wishes to fly from one point to another on the river, and the stream twists and turns through wild moorland, the dipper does not take a short cut across the country, but follows the course of the stream. Its food is found at the bottom of the river. A noted English naturalist says that he has often watched a dipper drop into the fast-running water to disappear for nearly a minute, then it comes up with some dainty morsel in its beak. In clear rivers he has seen this bird walking on the bottom, where it faces up stream so that as it turns over the stones, the hidden creatures it is seeking are washed towards it.—Philadelphia Record.

Many Lacquer Shades Are Available, but Not Named

To the man in the street, it has seemed that the number of individual automobile colors must be something close to infinite. It is not quite that bad, or good—whichever way one prefers to regard it—but figures show that 11,500 distinct shades of lacquer have been developed, obviously far more than any genius could provide names for.

Just as a sample of the naming difficulty, take the color which the average mortal calls "gray." There are, the expert points out, 423 different values under this heading in the total list of 11,500. That, too, despite the fact that gray is not the most variable individual color.

It has been calculated that there is a considerable amount of waste in such prolixity in color creation. Even in the days when distinctiveness was a thing for which motor car buyers clamored, the maximum number of shades in a single month was never more than 200.—Washington Post.

Size of Balsa Trees

Trees of the balsa genus occur in Puerto Rico, Cuba, Jamaica, Trinidad and elsewhere in the West Indies and in Honduras, British Honduras and Guatemala. They reach a height of from 40 to 60 feet and a diameter of from 1 to 3 feet. They attain their best development in open places in the forest and in abandoned fields along the watercourses, where there is considerable moisture. They grow rapidly. The lightest wood, which is considered the most desirable, is produced by the fastest-growing trees, which are said to attain a diameter of 12 to 18 inches in four or five years.

Composition of Snow

The atmosphere contains a small amount of ammonia and it is possible for the snow falling through the air to gather up some of this ammonia, just as it carries dust, minute organisms and impurities from the air. After the first snow has carried down these impurities, the remainder of the snow that falls is clean and practically pure. Newly fallen snow is very largely air, varying from three to thirty parts of air to one of ice crystals.

Lose Powers of Flight

After the young of whistling swans are hatched the parent birds moult so extensively that they lose their powers of flight and are at the mercy of the natives who kill them in large numbers in their nesting areas in the Far North. The Canada goose, which also breeds in Arctic regions, is another bird that frequently loses its powers of flight as the result of its heavy post-breeding season moult.

Bill of Wrybill Bends Sideways

The wrybill, an unusual plover of New Zealand, takes its name from the peculiar structure of its bill, which bends sideways near the top, always toward the right. The bird seems to benefit by this apparent deformity by being able to reach and obtain small crustaceans and other minute creatures which can creep under rocks out of the way of the straight bills of ordinary birds.

Camels Eat Anything

One of the most desirable characteristics of the camel as a beast of burden in desert areas is that its food requirements are meager, the animal being able to eat whatever vegetation the desert affords. It seems to make no difference to these animals how dry and tasteless is the vegetation upon which they must subsist, and thorns appear to be no obstacle to them.

Grim Jest

The story is told that in Texas years ago a bank president swindled his depositors, causing the sign to be displayed on the institution: "Bank Suspended." The embezzler was caught and promptly strung up, and under the tree the lynchers, with grim humor, placed the notice: "Bank President Suspended."—Boston Transcript.

Depth of Great Lakes

Lake Superior is the deepest of the lakes, most of it being more than 690 feet, while Lake Erie's maximum depth is 210 feet. The greatest depth of Lake Superior is 1,209 feet, about twenty miles off Otter Head, Ontario. Lake Erie's maximum depth is found in a five-mile area, near Long Point, Ontario. Its average depth is about 60 feet. The deepest soundings in feet of the other Great Lakes are: Michigan, 932; Huron, 750; Ontario, 738.

CANADIAN WOMEN'S WORK

BY LUCINDA

We have all heard of the Prince of Wales ranch in Albert, but few of us have had the pleasant experience of a group of the officers and delegates to the annual meeting of the National Council of Women, which was to be driven out from Calgary, their meeting place, to the E. P. Ranch, fording the river in the river in the car as H.R.H. wanted to keep the old western idea, and arriving at the plainly furnished little house in time for a substantial afternoon tea. Miss Winnifred Kydd, of Montreal, the national president, was with the party and everyone saw over the house, even peeping into the bedroom used by the Prince of Wales, with its simple furniture, in keeping with the life of a rancher. One large room with a hardwood floor, beautiful fur rugs from the game shot by H.R.H., a big fireplace for comfort on the chilly evenings that come in the foothills of the great Rockies, and simple but suitable furniture, has been added since the little ranch house was built. The members of the party were shown the prize stock and the little pony the prince sent out from England. On the way back to Calgary the N.C.W. delegates were taken around by the oil fields, a wonderful sight at night, but rather terrifying to strangers. The great fires shooting up into the sky made a wonderful spectacle, "But I was glad when we got out of it, it made one think of the most vivid pictures of Dante's hell."

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The Minister of Highways has sent out another official warning to motorists. The dangers of the road are pointed out in no uncertain terms. In the schools, on the air, and by the press, warnings are constantly being given, and yet each year the toll of lives mounts. People are killed, maimed, even made cripples for life, simply for the lack of a little ordinary care. Keep your eyes and ears open, know your car, and the rules of the road, and you will do much to save yourself and others.

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The report of the annual meeting of the Women's Institutes held at Seeley's Bay made interesting reading. It was interesting to note that the "back-to-the-land" movement was strongly stressed. If any body of people can make this movement a success, it is the Women's Institutes. The governments are on the right track when they encourage people who have left the farm to get work in crowded cities in shops and industries to return to the land, which will at least, if they know how to work it, give them food for themselves and their children. But it is lonely in country places with no one to talk to; it is hard to know how to manage in the country if you have been brought up in a town, as many a young wife of a lad who was born on a farm, who went to a city found work and married a town girl, finds. Give her your help, ladies, and you younger women invite her to your picnics, get her to join the Institutes where she will learn many lessons of thrift. As the president of the district said, people were not made to live alone, but to do something to help others.

We feel quite sure that the "back-to-the-land" movement will be a real success if the W. I. gets behind it.

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Sometimes we hear stories about people we know that are absolutely false. You do, too. The other day a sweet old lady, whose age, eighty-three, prevents her going out socially, told a group of women, two stories about some people in society in the town in which she lived, that most of her audience knew were untrue. Someone had told her and, dear old soul, she was too innocent to realize that the people who amused themselves by talking such nonsense, had not, in all probability, even been in the society of the women they told the stories about. Several of the people who were present had constantly been with the ladies so spoken about. They knew the tales were untrue and gently tried to set matters aright. The old lady, was as sweet as usual and said she was glad to hear the truth, but it was quite evident that she was greatly shocked that some who she had believed in would pass on an unverified story. Do let us be careful. There is not much sense in telling unkind stories even if they are true, but some of the tales told at social gatherings are so exaggerated, not to say false, that they really leave those who tell them open to a charge of libel.

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Why have housekeepers got into the way of giving grocery and meat orders late on Saturdays? Why should we not consider the merchants and their staff? In most towns, Saturday, the market day, brings extra work. The rural people have to be served, they are good customers, welcomed everywhere, but as to the profits they add to the work. So townsfolk should, it seems to us, remember this, and order what can be ordered on Friday, and the rest early on Saturday. You will get some supplies at the market at this time of year for the fresh fruits and vegetables are so attractive and so cheap, and now that a little rain has come in most localities we are hoping that the later vegetables and fruits will be good.

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To players interested in amateur dramatic groups, the news that Queen's University will give a course in drama will be of interest. The course will commence with the autumn term. Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Fuller, the United States consul at Kingston are among those who are taking a deep interest in this, the first course of its kind to be held in a Canadian university.

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There are still young beets on the market that can be boiled with the leaves, as vegetable. A liberal dash of butter and pepper and salt. The small beets canned are delicious. They must be boiled twenty minutes, drained and dipped in cold water, to peel. Pack in sterilized jars with salt and two tablespoons of vinegar to a quart jar. Fill jar with water which has been boiled. Cover and steam from an hour to an hour and a half. Fill and seal.

SCHOOL FAIRS

The dates for the School Fairs have just been announced by the Department of Agriculture of which L. M. Kerr, B.S.A., is the local representative. The places and dates are as follows:

Tamworth—Sept. 12th.
Flinton—September 13th.
Denbigh—September 14th.
Centreville—Sept. 18th.
Selby—September 19th.
Sillsville—Sept. 20th.
Camden East—Sept. 26th.
Anderson—Sept. 27th.
Odessa—September 28th.

The prize list as compiled is a very interesting one and pertains to grain and corn, potatoes, roots and vegetables, flowers, fruit, cooking, sewing, farm and home mechanics, school work, poultry, live stock and varied collections.

Earthworms Hard Workers; Keep Soil Loose, Porous

The lowly earthworm is one of the most active forms of life living within the ground and upon the surface, and its activities are of tremendous benefit to the soil which it inhabits.

It is estimated that during the course of a year in an acre of ground normally supplied with worms, as much as 15 tons of the soil in that acre pass through the bodies of the worms during the course of their feeding. The habit of the worms in feeding process is beneficial in that it keeps the ground loose and porous and at the same time takes decaying animal and vegetable matter from the surface of the ground down into the lower parts of the top soil where the roots of plants come in contact with it to their benefit.

The extent of the activity of worms in this burying process is great. Scientists who have studied the life of the earthworm believe that vegetable and animal matter discarded on the surface of the ground is buried as deep as two inches in the course of 10 years through the activity of the worms.—Boston Herald.

Emblem on American Dime Was Handed Down by Aesop

The idea for the emblem that appears on the American dime originally belonged to Aesop, who wrote his fables in the Sixth century B. C. The device means "In union there is strength," which is the moral brought out by Aesop.

The ancient Romans used the emblem, with seven sticks, as a badge of authority for the Lictors.

The emblem was adopted by the United States, with 13 sticks, representing the colonies, to show that all had been strengthened by uniting; and at that time the motto, "E pluribus unum," meaning "one from many," was also adopted. Both the emblem and the motto have been official since the birth of the United States.

Mussolini adopted the idea from the original source for the same purpose of showing that in unity there is strength.—Pathfinder Magazine.

Raccoon Common Animal

The raccoon is common in many sections of the country and in season provides some excellent sport for hunters and their dogs. In general the raccoon or "coon" is of a dull, brownish gray, becoming yellower on the back, strongly yellow on the nape and tail and pale gray on the belly and feet. On the cheek is a black patch that extends across the animal's face, giving the impression of a mask. Average weight of these animals is approximately 18 pounds although many have been captured weighing 30 or more pounds.

Walk From U. S. to Africa

A man can walk from any point in the United States to almost any point of Africa. Starting in New York, he could walk westward across the continent into Canada, thence to Alaska and off its western coast where, at the right time of year, Bering Strait freezes over allowing foot passage into Asia. Once in Asia he could walk south and west into Asia Minor and over the Syrian desert and up to the Suez canal where, crossing on one of its locks, he would be free to wander in Africa wherever he might choose.—Philadelphia Record.

First Watches

The early history of watches is uncertain. Small timepieces for carrying in the pocket were not made until after the invention of the mainspring in clocks. It is supposed that watches were first made at Nuremberg, Germany, about the beginning of the Sixteenth century. They were called "Nuremberg eggs" and were about the shape of an egg.

Sea Cows

The manatee, or sea cow, is a large, lubberly animal that lives in the water and has flippers instead of legs, like the walrus and the whale. It is valuable both for its flesh and its oil and might also be a source of leather. These creatures feed largely on the manatee grass which abounds in the warm streams around the coasts of Florida.

PERSONALS

Dr. Harry Gleeson, Lindsay, spent the week-end in Napanee.

Miss Christobel Taylor spent the holiday week-end in Toronto.

Ross Sexsmith, of Belleville, was a business caller in town on Thursday.

Mrs. G. M. Card is spending a few days in Peterboro' with her daughter, Mrs. C. L. Ackerman.

Mrs. Luke Young, Mrs. Raymond Moore and Mrs. A. E. Cook were at Morven on Tuesday and were guests of the W. A. of St. Thomas' Church, the meeting being held at the home of Mrs. Jackson.

Mrs. Harold Denison and Mrs. B. M. Black contributed towards the program, which was given in the Sunday school rooms of the Selby United Church on Friday evening. The former contributed three delightful solos, and the latter was the accompanist.

Mr. J. W. Hambly and daughter Olive were callers in Kingston on Tuesday afternoon last.

Mr. Bruce Madden of Toronto, was renewing acquaintances in town on Friday and was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Madden, King's Highway.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Wood, of Cannington, spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Walter Higgs. Mr. and Mrs. Woods are former residents of Napanee and for some years resided at North Fredericksburgh, where the former was in the employ of the Canadian National Railways.

Miss Morrow, of Bath, has been engaged as teacher at the River School, succeeding Mrs. Leonard Hudgins, of Selby, and will assume her new duties in September.

Miss Dorothy Baldwin, of Oshawa, spent the week-end in town with her friends.

Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Hogarth and family motored to Brooklin, where they spent the week-end with relatives.

Mrs. E. L. Bedore left the latter part of the week to spend a few days with her sisters, Mrs. E. J. Orwell, and Miss Angela Gorman, Lakewood, Cleveland.

Mr. and Mrs. Byard Young, of Sudbury, who have been visiting relatives and friends in the Napanee district, also in Prince Edward County, returned home on Monday. While here they visited with her sisters, Mrs. Robert Meyers, Mrs. Geo. Chambers, and Mrs. Benj. Young.

Dr. and Mrs. Elliott Vanalstine, who have been visiting his mother, Mrs. Irvine VanAlstyne, South Napanee, returned to Chicago on Monday. They were accompanied by Mrs. Matt. Taylor who will be their guest for two weeks, and who will attend the Century of Progress Fair.

Miss Helen VanKoughnett, Reg. N., Saulte Ste. Marie, is spending the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James VanKoughnett, Newburgh road.

Mr. P. U. Laidley has returned home from the Kingston General Hospital, where he underwent an operation for appendicitis. He is getting along splendidly.

Mrs. J. H. McLaughlin and grandson Master Dick McLaughlin, were in Kingston a few days last week, when the latter underwent a successful operation to have his tonsils and adenoids removed.

Robert Wilson, of the staff of the Royal Bank, Woodbridge, spent the holiday and week-end with his father, James A. Wilson.

Mr. Frank Correll, manager of The Canadian Department Stores, and Mr. Fred Huffman of the Men's Wear Department, spent the week-end and holiday in Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Hosey and granddaughter, of Syracuse, N.Y., are visiting friends in Napanee.

Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Miggs, of Detroit, Mich., spent the week-end the guests of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Davy.

Master Jack Godfrey, who has been convalescing at the Hotel Dieu, Kingston, following very severe head injuries, which he received when knocked off his bicycle about two weeks ago, returned home the latter part of the week very much improved.

Miss Hazel Ellis, of Toronto, spent the holiday and week-end with her sister, Mrs. Leone Spencer, and also visited her mother, Mrs. White, at Sillsville.

Mr. Fred LaSalle spent Saturday and Sunday with relatives at Winchester and Chesterville.

Mrs. W. C. Bowen and grandson, Everett Jackson, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Jackson, Oshawa.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Atkinson, Toronto, spent a couple of days last week with Mr. and Mrs. F. LaSalle.

DEATHS

STONE—At Detroit, Mich., on Sunday, July 2nd, 1933, Elizabeth Stone, aged 88 years. The remains were brought to Napanee on Tuesday and taken to VanLuven and Wartman's Undertaking Parlors.

Problem of Circumference

If a steel tape were drawn around the earth at the equator and made a tight fit, then it was cut and 25 feet of tape added to it, it would be theoretically possible to stretch it so that it would be four feet away from the earth all the way around. This is equivalent to saying that an increase of circumference of the earth by 25 feet means an increase of the radius about four feet.

HEALTH

by [illegible] M.D.

A HEALTH SERVICE OF THE CANADIAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION AND LIFE INSURANCE COMPANIES IN CANADA

A WEAK SPOT

Have you a weak spot? Are you sure that your body is sound in all its parts and that it is running smoothly? It might be expected that the average business man or woman would know as much about the state of his or her body as about business. We might expect the golf enthusiast to think as much about caring for his body as he does about looking after his golf clubs. But do these people show such solicitude? Strange to say, the answer is that, in general, they do not.

A machine is not expected to run unless given regular supervision and care. The human body, as a machine, cannot be expected to run smoothly and efficiently without regular supervision. Systems do get out of order, and unless these are set right, the machine begins to wear out, gradually loses its efficiency, and finally gets beyond repair, worn out before its time, due to lack of care.

The degenerative diseases of middle life which cut short so many lives, or at least lessen the years of health, develop slowly. From small beginnings, there is a gradual wearing out of vital organs, not causing any noticeable change, or pain, or distress until the condition is well advanced. Because of the slow and insidious nature of these changes, they go unchecked unless they are discovered early and corrected by suitable measures.

This is the strongest argument for the periodic health examination of adults. The individual, of himself, has no way of knowing that his heart or his arteries or his kidneys are undergoing certain changes which indicate that they are wearing out prematurely. The only way in which such changes can be detected before they have advanced far enough to cause symptoms is by having the body periodically examined, at which time, the condition of the various organs is revealed when they are subjected to certain tests.

The business man has his accounts audited at regular intervale. He is not satisfied with guesses as to the state of his finances; he wants to know the actual condition of his offairs. His health is more important to him and his business than anything else. It would appear then to be a reasonable suggestion that men and women should, at regular intervals—say once a year—have themselves examined by their family doctor, not because they are ill, but because they want to keep well. The periodic health examination is the best means which we have at our disposal to satisfy ourselves that our bodies are being kept in good working condition.

Questions concerning Health, addressed to the Canadian Medical Association, 184 College Street, Toronto, will be answered personally by letter.

Finds Young Hedgehogs Soft, Also Inquisitive

One evening, when it was almost dark, I noticed a small creature come out from under a shed in my garden, and nimbly trot down the path and across a patch of lawn, writes a well-known naturalist. Suspecting what the animal was, I determined to become better acquainted, and so the next night found me waiting patiently in the shadow. Sure enough, about the same time of the evening my friend appeared again, this time, however, followed by three babies, all in a straight line. I quickly picked up the last of the procession and carried my prize into the house.

It was, of course, a young hedgehog, and was most interestingly inquisitive. There was no sign of fear, and after the first moment of my picking him up, showed no intention of making a ball of himself. I put him on the dining table, and he quickly investigated everything he could see. Although the light was on he did not seem to mind, and even allowed me to touch him again without remonstrance. He was delightfully soft to the touch underneath, and the spikes did not inconvenience one as long as the hand was held flat. Not wishing to make his mother uneasy, I soon returned him to the garden, where the rest of the family were sauntering about the lawn.—Montreal Herald.

Pure English Is Demanded of All Players in Movies

No matter how charming they may sound, southern accents—and in fact, accents of any kind—are listened to with a jaundiced ear at the movie studios, according to a director of a voice and dramatic school.

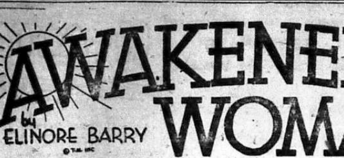
Many are affected by the ban on accents, for all must submit to having the "r's," "g's" and other inflections of "pure English" reinserted into their vocabularies.

In explaining the decree, the director said:

"Unless players can enunciate pure English they are limited as to the parts they can play, their work and that of the studio which employs them being hindered thereby.

"Southerners—and for that matter, Yankees and westerners—must have all traces of provincialism removed from their speech before they can become truly valuable players.

"Personally, I like the southern accent, but my duty is to see that players under contract can enact any type of role on a moment's notice."



Tenth Installment

Synopsis: Joyce Ashton, poor stenographer, suffered loss of memory in a skidding taxicab accident in Chicago. One morning two years later she woke, after a fall from her horse, her memory restored, to find herself, as Frills, the wife of Neil Packard, rich California fruit packer. She determined to tell nobody of her predicament but set about learning what she could of her life in the interval. From the conversation of her friends and letters in her desk she gathered that she had been a heartless, pleasure-loving young woman. One letter that troubled her was from a woman signing herself Sophie, blaming Frills for not giving a home to a baby Sophie was caring for. Could it be her baby, Frills wondered! She also found herself involved in an affair with a man named Maitland. In San Francisco, where she went while her husband was away on business, she met Robert Ainsworth, a poet whose work she had always admired. When Joyce returned home, she decided to be pleasanter to Neil than Frills had been. But this line was dangerous, too, for Neil was pathetically anxious to win back Frill's love. NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

"Can you stand it to have only me for dinner this once?" asked Joyce.

"Whoopee! Just ask me, can I!" he replied. "You know that, Frills, old kid. I'll go up and wash and be right down again."

When Packard came down the stairs Joyce divined his intention to kiss her again, and she moved toward the dining room immediately, saying, "Dickie eats with us. At least he sits at table and snaps up what favors he can persuade me to give him, don't you, darling? He has his regular dinner in the kitchen."

"Where do you want his chair?" inquired Packard politely. "Here you are, boy, get up and let's see how good your table manners are."

They sat down opposite each other at the small round table with Dickie between them. Joyce was struck by the lingering bewilderment on Packard's face. There seemed to be something he couldn't quite understand, but he asked for no explanations.

"Gee! it's good to be home again," he began. "I sure do hate Chicago."

She asked politely, "Was the conference a success?"

Packard stared.

Joyce flushed. "Oh, is it something I'm not supposed to ask about?" rushing into the first remark which occurred to her in an effort to cover her embarrassment.

"Good Lord, no!" he exclaimed hastily. "Only . . . only . . ." he hesitated. "I'm sorry, Frills, I can't keep up with you. You've jumped me so hard about talking shop and said so often you didn't give a damn about what happened so long as you didn't have to hear about it that——"

"Well, I don't want to know everything that happened. I just wondered if you had a successful trip in general," said Joyce. She began to wonder if Frills had ever had a decent word for anyone.

"Oh, sure, we fixed up what I went for and got the new branch office planned out and ready for business," he said.

"Sam said there was a fire at the plant here," remarked Joyce casually, "but almost no damage done. Had you heard about it?"

"Yes, I called up from the city before I came down. But, tell me what you've been doing with yourself, Frills. How's every one in the gang? Doc been in much?"

"Don't know. I just got home today myself," replied Joyce. "I haven't seen anybody I know for nearly two weeks. The first two days after you went they wouldn't let me alone, and I wanted to be quiet, so I walked off and went up to the city alone."

There was an uncomfortable silence. Packard ate for a few moments with his eyes fastened on his food. Joyce understood without doubt that he didn't believe she had spent all that time in San Francisco *alone*. Why should he? Suddenly she knew that she wanted him to believe it. It was perfectly obvious to her the he loved Frills and that he was a little afraid of her.

Joyce wondered with a sudden thump of her heart how he would like a *baby* around the house. If she could only ask him about that baby in New York.

"I promised Dickie to throw a stick for him," she said as they left the table, "if you care to join us, come along," and she ran across the terrace and down the wide stone steps to the stretch of lawn at the top of the garden, without waiting for a reply. Packard lighted a cigarette and followed her more slowly. By the time he joined them she was racing around with Dickie, having a lively game and secretly amused to wonder what he thought of the unusual sight of Frills enjoying a childishly simple pleasure of this kind.

She turned to him and asked very abruptly, "Are you very tired after your trip?"

"Good Lord, no!" he answered, evidently startled, "why?"

"It's going to be glorious moonlight in a few minutes. Let's go for a horseback ride." His look of blank amazement at this suggestion caused her heart to sink for a moment. Suppose he refused! A gust of angry impatience struck her. If they didn't hurry, somebody would come and spoil her plan!

"What's the matter? Afraid it'll cause a scandal if any one discovers you've been out with your own wife?" she demanded.

"Hell!" grinned Packard, "I should worry about that. But you can't blame me for . . . for wondering if I'd heard you right. You—we haven't spent many evenings together lately."

There was something in his voice which hurt Joyce a little. She had not found him exactly interesting so far, but she already liked him enough to be sorry for the way Frills had been treating him. "Well, it's up to you," she replied, "I'm going for a ride and if you want to come, all right." Secretly she quailed at the idea of going out alone for the first time. Would it be light enough for safety? Could she handle Rosita?



"Are you afraid it'll cause a scandal if anyone discovers you've been out with your own wife?"

But Packard accepted without further questioning. "I'll tell Sam to saddle up while we get into our things," he said. "Run on in, darling. Let's light out before any of the gang shows up."

"Take Dickie with you and leave him with Sam," said Joyce, and, trembling with excitement, she raced into the house and upstairs to her big closet, where she proceeded to kick off her slippers and pull her dress over her head as rapidly as possible. She was just drawing her boots on when she heard Packard cross the bedroom and go through to his dressing room.

Scarcely five minutes later they were hurrying downstairs and out to the stable.

She noticed as they rode off slowly that Neil kept eyeing her in an apprehensive fashion. She decided he must be worrying about the accident she had had and probably wondering what mad idea the moonlight would inspire in her tonight. Well, if he was looking for trouble of that kind he would be disappointed!

"Want a cigarette, dear?" he asked once, holding out his case toward her as they rode close together on a short level stretch along the hills. Joyce accepted it but did not dare to try lighting it while they were moving.

"You light it, please." She handed it back to him.

"That gives me permission to kiss you," he remarked, smiling as he handed her back the lighted cigarette.

"But who wants to kiss his own wife?" retorted Joyce, urging Rosita into a quick trot.

"Here's one man who does," he replied, easily catching up with her. Riding close to her horse he put his arm around her and tried to draw her toward him. Joyce was alarmed, this time not so much at the prospect of being kissed as at the danger of such reckless actions while on horseback.

"Oh, please don't!" she exclaimed hastily, "you make me——" she had been about to say, "you make me nervous," when she was struck by the absurdity of Frills Packard saying anything like that.

Packard looked surprised, but he obediently fell away a little. Joyce was undecided whether to be contemptuous of him for his lack of spirit or to conclude that his experience with Frills, when he crossed her, had probably been so unpleasant that he had learned his lesson thoroughly.

Try as she would, Joyce could not keep Robert Ainsworth from her thoughts. The beauty of the night brought vividly to mind his delightful personality. It would be so perfect with the right man!

Joyce wondered most of the way back if her silence puzzled Neil very much. She would have chatted willingly enough, but nothing except dangerous remarks seemed to occur to her. Neil was little help for he too rode in silence. What was he thinking? Looking at him she thought with amusement "Prunes!"

"Don't you feel well, Frills? You . . . you're sort of quiet tonight," said Packard, in what Joyce described to herself as a "cautious voice."

"I feel absolutely wonderful!" she retorted with spirit, "can't I enjoy myself just once without shrieking over it?"

"Oh, sure, only it's . . . it's not exactly like you."

Joyce, torn between impatience and amusement, answered, "Well, whatever I do is me isn't it?"

Packard made no reply to this, but a little later on he said earnestly, "Look here, sweetheart, I stopped to see mother today on my way down. She'd like awfully to . . . be friends with you. Won't you, please? I'd give anything in the world if you'd go to see her and just be nice to her a few minutes. You needn't go often or spend much time there, but if you . . . she's *so* anxious to have things friendly. It's tough on her, my being her only son and my wife never going to see her. She's getting old, you know."

Before Neil stopped Joyce felt a lump coming into her throat. His voice was so pleading and so anxious. She remembered the sweet-faced woman whose picture she had found in his desk drawer, and now she wondered if his mother were still living.

"Well, all right, I'll make a date with you to take me to see her tomorrow. I won't go alone," and was a little pleased with herself for her diplomacy.

Her prompt acceptance surprised him, she saw, but he seized upon it gratefully. "Thanks a lot. We could take a run out there before dinner. Could you be ready at about five? Or would that interfere with anything you're doing? We don't have to go tomorrow, you know."

"No, we'll go at five. If you forget or let any business interfere you'll have hard work making any more dates with me—for anything," retorted Joyce.

"I'll be there, I'll tell the world. Gee, Frills, that's sweet of you. You know how much mother means to me."

Joyce rode on in silence thinking fast and furiously. If she could do things like this for Packard surely she needn't feel that all the giving was on his side, even though she refused him herself. She could give him more of her company than Frills had; she could eliminate all cause for jealousy with Maitland; she could make his house more of a real home. Or was it too late to do that? And could she follow out such a plan without misleading him as to her feelings?

Well, she had made enough concessions for such a short time! The future must somehow take care of itself.

As, on foot once more, they approached the house from the terrace side, Joyce heard voices; and when they entered the living room they were immediately surrounded by a welcoming group who had evidently been waiting for their return.

"Well, what do you know? Frill's been riding in the moonlight with her husband! Hot stuff! Somebody telephone the scandal to the papers."

The company consisted of Doc Ellison, Ross and Clarice Emery, Charlie Bates, and Art Belmain. Joyce wondered where the other women were.

"Don't suppose you got any golf while you were East, did you, Neil?" asked Art Belmain.

"Not a round," replied Packard. The men proceeded to talk golf and business.

As the party broke up, Dr. Ellison said in an aside to Joyce, "Say, Frills, you're looking much better than you did two weeks ago. Has your head bothered you any lately?"

Continued Next Week

The Secret of Lonesome Cove

CHAPTER VI.

"Dah de murderer!"

THE first witness, a sheep herder, rose in his place and, without the formality of an oath, told of sighting the body at the edge of the surf at 7 o'clock in the morning. Others, following, testified to the position on the beach, the lashing of the body to the grating, the wounds and the manacles. Dr. Breed announced briefly that the deceased had come to her death by drowning and that the skull had been crushed in, presumably, when the waves hammered the body upon the reefs.

"Then the corpse must have come from a good ways out," said Sailor Smith, "for the reefs wouldn't catch it at that tide."

"Nobody knows how the dead come to Lonesome Cove," said the sheriff in his deep voice.

Elder Ira Dennett was the next and last witness called. Somewhere beneath the elder's dry exterior lurked the instinct of the drama. Stalking to the platform, he told his story with skill and fervor. He made a telling point of the newly finished picture he had seen in Sedgwick's studio, depicting the moonlit charge of the wave mounted corpse. He sketched out the encounter between the artist and the dead woman vividly.

Then Sedgwick rose. He was white, but his voice was under perfect control as he said:

"It is all true. But I do not know the woman who accosted me. I never saw her before that evening. She spoke strangely to me and indicated that she was to meet some one and go aboard ship, though I saw no sign of a ship."

"You couldn't see much of the ocean from your house," said the medical officer.

"I walked on the cliffs later," said Sedgwick, and a murmur went through the courtroom, "but I never found the woman. And as for throwing her out of a ship, or any such fantastic nonsense, I can prove that I was back in my house by a little after 9 o'clock that night."

He sat down coolly enough, but his eyes dilated when Kent whispered:

"Keep your nerve. The probability will be shown that she was killed before 10 o'clock."

Now, however, Dr. Breed was on his feet again. "Form in line, ladies and gentlemen," said he, "and pass the coffin as spry as possible."

At this Sheriff Schlager stepped forward and loosened the hasps preparatory to removing the cover. "The body has been left," said he, slipping the lid aside, "just as"— Of a sudden, his eyes stiffened. A convulsive shudder ran through his big body. He jammed the cover back, and, with fingers that actually drummed on the wood, forced the hasps into place.

"She's come to life!" cried a voice from the rear.

"No, no!" rumbled the sheriff. Whirling upon the medical officer, he whispered in his ear not more than a single word. It seemed to the watchful Kent.

The doctor turned ghastly. "Gents," he said in a quavering voice to the amazed crowd, "the program will not be carried out as arranged. The—the—well, the condition of the deceased is not fitten"— He stopped, mopping his brow.

But Yankee curiosity was not so easily to be baulked of its food. It found expression in Lawyer Bain.

"That ain't the law, doc," he said.

"I'm the law here," declared Sheriff Schlager, planting himself solidly between the crowd and the coffin. One hand crept slowly back toward his hip.

"Don't pull any gun on me," retorted the lawyer quietly. "It ain't necessary."

"You heard Doc Breed say the body wasn't fitten to be viewed," pursued the sheriff.

"That's all right too. But the doc hasn't got the final word. The law has. And the law says that the body shall be duly viewed. Otherwise, and the deceased being buried without view, an order of the court to exhume may be obtained."

"Look at Breed," whispered Kent to Sedgwick.

The medical officer's lips were gray as he leaned forward to pluck at the sheriff's arm. There was a whispered colloquy between them. Then Breed spoke, with a pitiful effort at self control:

"Lawyer Bain's point is correct, undoubtedly correct. But the body must be prepared. It ought to a' been looked to last night. But somehow I —we— Will six citizens kindly volunteer to fetch the coffin back to my house?"

Ten times six offered their services. The box was carried out swiftly, followed by the variable hum of excited conjecture. Quickly the room emptied itself except for a few stragglers.

Sedgwick, who had followed the impromptu cortege with his vision, was brought up sharply by the glare of a pair of eyes outside the nearest window. The eyes were fixed on his own. Their expression was distinctly malevolent. Without looking round, Sedgwick said in a low voice:

"Kent!"

No answer came.

"Kent!" said the artist a little louder.

"Huh?" responded a muffled and abstracted voice behind him.

"See here for a moment."

There was neither sound nor movement from the scientist.

"An Indian looking chap outside the window is trying to hypnotize me or something of the s[illegible]."

(To be Continued)

$50,000 Worth of Forgotten Jewelry in Firm's Vaults

Forgotten or forsaken by its owners, unclaimed jewelry worth $50,000 lies in the vaults of one of New York's biggest jewelry firms.

Sunbursts, flower lockets and closed-case watches, reminiscent of the days of Merry Widow hats and turtle-neck sweaters, together with hundreds of smart modern pieces, all kept in perfect condition by constant care, await the call of their owners.

Some pieces have been there as long as 40 years. One watch bears on its neat repair tag the date "January 8, 1885."

Several years ago a woman called at the store for an heirloom that had been her mother's, left there 20 years before for cleaning. The woman who left it had departed suddenly for Oklahoma, where she married and, to all intents and purposes, "forgot about her mother's watch."

Her husband struck oil, became wealthy, and on a pleasure trip to New York she remembered the watch, identified it, and was pleased to find it adjusted and in good running order.—New York Sun.

How to Make Time

People who get through an immense amount of work are always those who know that idling must not be allowed to put forth a covetous hand and steal five minutes here and half an hour there. They can obtain a succession of successful results of application, as a good farmer can obtain the most from his land by a proper rotation of crops. It is often found that the busiest folk are those who can find time to do a kind act to a friend or neighbor, for they know how to fit in one thing with another, till they are actually said to be able to "make" time when wanted.—Montreal Herald.

When Steamboat Trade Boomed

Steamboat trade on the Mississippi reached its highest peak in the 50s and on the Missouri between the years 1855 and 1860. Fifty-nine steamboats were operating on the lower Missouri in 1858. Before the Civil war most boats paid for themselves and yielded good profits as there was practically no competition. The whole aspect was changed by the war. Many boats were taken over by military authorities and the war activities on the river interfered with trade. Later the building of the railroads took away most of the river traffic and after 1887 steamboats were practically useless.

Caves Show Sculpture

The Ganesa Gumpha, a cave in Bhuvaneswar, India, contains an image of the deity which still is worshipped. The cave consists of two rooms and is reached by a flight of four steps, flanked by finely chiseled elephants holding lotuses. The figures of the subject matter are carefully carved, the most imposing being the four soldiers with swords and shields pitting their strength against opponents mounted on an elephant. The caves in this section of India are famous for the knowledge they have given to the world of Buddhist customs and art.

Wood Screw-Making Machine

The first recorded patent in connection with the wood screw-making machine was granted in England in 1760, and about six years later a factory was established at Burton-on-Trent. Since then an American patent in connection with machine for making wood screws was granted to David Wilkinson of Rhode Island in 1790; the first machine to make manufacture of pointed screws practical was devised by Cullen-Whipple of Providence, R. I., in the year 1849.

Hilliard Craig's Crazy Creation

By CORONA REMINGTON

HILLIARD CRAIG, neither young nor old, well to do, well dressed and decidedly good looking, suffered from what his enemies might have called a superiority complex. Certainly he did not underestimate his virtues, but then on the whole he was so likeable and so popular he was justified in his self-esteem.

Immediately upon his arrival in Warrenton to take over the branch office of the D. B. Securities he became the social lion of the Warrenton Golf and Country club set. Marriageable widows, and matrons with marriageable daughters besieged him with invitations. He saw and understood and smiled to himself for Warrenton women were not the first who had looked at him and found him good, but Hilliard Craig had certain fixed standards of his own for women and especially for the woman whom he might choose to be his wife. And that lucky girl whom he should finally choose from among the hundreds to share his name would have to live up to his standards or there would be a scene in the house of Craig.

Strange, when a man is fancy free where his fancy will light. Marjorie Hipps, airy and fairy as she could be, completely captivated Craig from the first day he met her.

"Here is something altogether sweet and pliable," thought Craig in a flash. "Too young to have opinions of her own and not too full of brains to grow 'em later in life."

"Oh, I say," he laughed in acknowledging the introduction, "you look like a wild flower just picked out of the woods. Can you be real or are you going to float away like a pipe dream? I'm afraid to take my eyes off you for fear you will disappear, so don't mind if I stare, will you?"

She laughed the gayest most unselfconscious little laugh, like rippling water, and glanced up at him with her cornflower eyes.

"You're a dreadful flirt," she teased.

"No, I'm serious. It's only flirting when you don't mean it."

Craig became like a man possessed. He gave Marjorie the rush of her rather rushed young life. He made himself irresistible, but all the time he never lost track of his working plans. He spoke freely to Marjorie of a first marriage and subsequent death two years later of his wonderful, beautiful wife, Edith. He brought this Edith into his conversation frequently.

"No, Edith was always so fair and just, she always understood; no quarreling or nagging. Wish you could have known her."

Marjorie was at first sorry for the man who had lost the woman he loved and admired so deeply, but after a while Edith got on her nerves. At times she almost wished she didn't love Hilliard, but she did love him; in fact, she knew that right then she was as good as engaged to him and she knew that there was no one else on earth who could give her the happiness that his very presence gave. If only he'd stop talking about the wonderful Edith!

"Now, Edith was always so sensible . . . I remember one time . . ." Craig began one evening.

"Hilliard, darling, come with me a minute," she said, her face flushed, her eyes like stars.

She led him out of the room, then suddenly turned back and quickly closed the door on him.

With a twist of the fingers she locked it, then jerked the key out and flung it on the floor.

"Now, I've had enough," she told him through the keyhole. "I don't ever want to see you and your Edith again." Her voice rose and broke in a sob, but she gulped it down and continued. "You're as much in love with her as you ever were and I'm not going to have her thrown up to me with every breath you draw. Edith was like this, Edith was like that.' Everybody had to come up to Edith's standards, I guess not. I'll be myself or nobody. And you can go hunt you some other fool girl who's willing to be a slave to a dead woman for I'm not and never will be."

Then Marjorie flung herself on the divan and burst into tears.

"Darling, let me in," begged Craig, rattling the doorknob, "I want to explain. You're breaking my heart. Do let me in."

But Marjorie made no move and after a moment she heard a key rattle in the lock. Craig entered and, throwing himself on his knees, buried his head on her shoulder.

"Oh, Marjorie, precious, I never thought, I never realized that it would hurt. I just had certain standards for my wife and I wanted to let her know my ideas beforehand. Angel, I—I—I never was married in my life. I swear it was just my fool idea of a tactful way of putting it."

"Honest, honest," he swore. "I can prove it. She was just a crazy creation of mine, and if you'll only marry me your standards shall be mine. I promise. I thought women were putty, but I've found out they're iron."

"You silly boy," she laughed after a moment; "but don't ever try that on me again."

He didn't. He married his little flower of a girl and everybody marveled how she could wrap her great big husband around her little finger.

Longest Rivers

Our longest rivers are the Mississippi-Missouri, 4,221 miles; Colorado, 2,000 miles; Rio Grande, 1,770 miles; Columbia, 1,270 miles; Brazos, 950 miles. The Arkansas, Ohio, Platte and Red, all tributaries of the Mississippi system, are each over 1,000 miles long. The Kalamazoo river is about 200 miles long; it rises in the northwestern part of Hillsdale county and flows north and northwest to Lake Michigan. From the city of Kalamazoo its course is generally northwest to its mouth, near Saugatuck.

Apple's Subtle Emanations Influence Other Vegetables

The apple is a most mysterious fruit the British Association of Refrigeration agreed when their president, during their recent convention in London, made the following assertion:

"A stream of air which has passed over an apple contains some subtle emanations which profoundly influence other vegetable forms. Potatoes placed in the stream either do not sprout or, if they do, the sprouts are misshapen dwarfs, more like warts than anything else. Bananas are excited to a much more rapid ripening than ordinarily.

"It is only elderly apples which pour out these emanations, and the effect on young unripe apples is again curious, for they are stirred to more rapid progress. They ripen more quickly. It is as though the elderly apple were jealous of youth, and would destroy it."

The nature of those emanations is unknown. They are chemical individuals, "their physiological activity must be prodigious, equaling or even exceeding that of snake venom. . . . Of what use is this power? Why can it so influence its fellow vegetables? In that lies the puzzle."

Perhaps the emanations explain what warehousers of apples have known for a long time, that "there is a kind of communal life, a herd quality, in apples when stored together. They tend to and, indeed, they do ripen at much the same rate."—Time Magazine.

Eskimo Traders Now Use Up-to-Date Schooners

When an Eskimo family which has been trading along the shores of the Arctic ocean for generations sought a name for their new schooner, they chose to honor a pioneer automobile manufacturer. The trading schooner was built in Edmonton. The schooner has an auxiliary [illegible] bucking adverse winds.

According to R. W. Hale, district superintendent of the postal service at Edmonton, the owners of the schooner represent the best class of Eskimos which trade along the western shores of the Arctic ocean, sending their catch of white foxes through the Behring straits to Seattle, Wash and San Francisco, Calif. Many of them are quite well off. A great part of their food consists of fish dipped in seal oil, to give internal warmth to withstand the intense cold.

Unlike the Indians, these Eskimos copy the white man only in those things which will improve them. They cling to their native dress, including parkas and mukluks, which are so well adapted to the climate that white men, including the air pilots traveling in the country, have adopted it.—Family Herald.

Foster, Song Writer, Born at Lawrenceville, Pa.

Stephen C. Foster, beloved American song writer, was born in 1826 at Lawrenceville, near Pittsburgh, Pa., and received instruction in vocal and instrumental music at an early age. Most of his southern ballads were inspired by trips to Bardstown, Ky., and visits to Cincinnati, where he gained knowledge of negroes. It was a visit to Bardstown that inspired "My Old Kentucky Home." Several of his songs were composed before he was twenty years of age. His "Old Folks at Home" was published in 1850. About one-fourth of his 164 songs, of which he wrote both words and music, were pathetic negro melodies, which he did much to develop. After 1860 he lived in New York. He died June 13, 1864, at the Bellevue hospital at the age of thirty-eight. He was practically penniless at the time of his death. He was married and had one daughter, Mrs. Marian Foster Welch, and one brother, Morrison. Among his most famous songs are "Old Black Joe," "Nelly Was a Lady," "Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground," "Suwanee River" and "Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming."

Swastika or Svastika Is Symbol of Unknown Origin

The Swastika or Svastika is a symbol of unknown origin and was early introduced into India, apparently in connection with sun-worship, says the Montreal Herald. It is thought to have represented the flame of sacred fire, the sun in rotation or a flash of lightning. It appears either as a cross in a circle or as a cross with the arms bent at right angles. The latter symbol is found in heraldic and ecclesiastical work in Christian countries as well as in the catacombs and is known there as the fylfot. Medieval mystic writers derived it from the Greek letter gamma which they thought suggestive of Christ as the cornerstone. It is, however, remarkably widespread and is seen on objects exhumed from Troy and in early Indian and Chinese art. It is also found on rock carvings in Sweden and Celtic stones in Britain and in Mexico and Peru. It means benediction, health, good omen and nowadays is generally a symbol of friendship.

Prisoners Well Protected by Law When Before Court

Those who harbor the idea that prisons are largely populated by the innocent, or that unfortunates who have committed no crime are frequently claimed by the executioner—such as these need only do one thing: stop seeing moving pictures and reading detective novels, and go instead to witness some real trials, says a writer in Scribner's Magazine.

Actually, the prisoner is protected by a set of safeguards many of which were devised under the theory that King James I is around the corner, ready to destroy our lives and liberties. The figure of justice ought to be represented not by a woman, blindfolded and holding a sword, but as a doddering crone, blind, deaf and foolish, and armed with a pop-squirt.

Her opponents, the attorneys for the defense, on the other hand, come against her supplied with all the weapons of science, as well as poison gas, and a liberal supply of mud, to sprinkle anywhere, but especially upon the reputation of the person who was so foolish as to get murdered or robbed by the prisoner.

Subway Canals of Hamburg Are Without Ventilation

Under the streets of the famous old German city of Hamburg courses what is probably the strangest system of urban transportation built by man. It is a subway of canals, stretching 500 miles—an intricate network of navigable streams comparable in some respects to the underground railroad systems of New York, London and other metropolitan centers.

The "Venice" built beneath Hamburg serves an important means of communication, although the canal system is hampered by lack of ventilation, which in turn renders the use of gasoline motor boats impractical because of poisonous gases. Most of [illegible] by 100 years ago. In some places workmen wear masks as a precaution against collected gases, and sightseers are clad in monk-like garb to protect their clothing against moisture.—Philadelphia Record.

Did Greeks Play Football?

The real origin of football is not definitely determined, but the ancient Greeks had a ball game which resembled football in some respects and the old Romans played a game with an inflated bladder. When the game was first introduced into England there was no limit as to the number of players and the game was played in the open country with the goal posts many miles apart. Several kings of England endeavored to suppress the game on the ground that it interfered with the development of archery, which was regarded as essential for the country's defense.

Far North Is Warming Up

The Gulf stream has warmed the Arctic ocean enormously in recent years. The Arctic ocean is believed to have been ice-free, between 600 A. D. and 1100 A. D. It was during this period that the Norsemen are supposed to have discovered America and found its northeastern coast so warm that grape vines grew there, and for that reason called it Vineland. The fact that Greenland, now covered with an enormous depth of ice, was once a luxuriant forest during prehistoric ages, is indicated by plant fossils in the rocks.

Wood for Fuel

Although wood is generally worth about 60 per cent as much as coal of equal weight in heating value, a cord of seasoned hickory is equal to a ton of average coal. Other woods of high heating value are white oak, hard maple, beech, elm, hackberry and ash. Dogwood is very desirable for use in open fireplaces on account of its attractive blue flame, states Purdue university foresters.

Split wood has a lower moisture content and therefore a higher heating value.—Prairie Farmer.

Arrest of President

In theory, the President cannot be legally arrested for any crime whatever, even for murder, and his person is inviolable during his term of office. He might be arrested by mistake or he might submit voluntarily to arrest; otherwise, the only course is impeachment and removal from office by congress, after which he could be arrested like any other private citizen.

Lives in Perpetual Daylight

The Arctic tern travels from one end of the earth to the other. Its annual migration covers 11,000 miles. Part of the time they are living beyond the Arctic circle where the day lasts for six months. After this they fly to the Antarctic regions to experience another long day. The only darkness they encounter is in their migrations over the tropical regions.

Aromatic

THE RED HEART of Tennessee cedar, which, by a special process is scientifically treated to retain the full content of essential oils so deadly to moths and thus constituting a Natural, Continuous, and Permanent moth control agent.

In a Cedar lined clothes closet you can keep goods to the value of a thousand dollars permanently protected at lowest possible cost.

A Cedar lining enhances the beauty and value of your home.

It is cheaper to save than to buy clothing.

ROBERT LIGHT

Telephone 53. Richard St., Napanee



Who Pays ?

MESSRS. Jones and Messrs. Smith both make shoes —shoes exactly similar in quality and style. Messrs. Jones do not advertise. Messrs. Smith do, and sell a very much greater quantity than Messrs. Jones in consequence. **Who pays for Messrs. Smith's advertising ?**

Not Messrs. Smith—Because their profit-on the quantity sold—is Messrs. Jones' profit multiplied many times. Not the public—because they get, for $4.00, shoes of a quality for which Messrs. Jones charge $4.50. Not the retailer—because the profit is the same in both cases.

No-one pays for advertising. It is an economy—not a charge. It does for the operation of selling what Messrs. Smith's machinery does for the operation of making shoes—speeds it up, and multiplies its efficiency. It makes possible big-scale production and so reduces costs.

---it pays to advertise!

Issued by The Canadian Weekly Newspapers Association.

Frenchmen Found Humor in Idea of Guillotine

Doctor Guillotine, the inventor of the French machine for executions, is rumored to have died by the instrument. The guillotine was rather an improvement than an invention, for similar contrivances had been in use in other countries; Scotland, where the regent Morton was so decapitated in 1581; Yorkshire (the Halifax "gibbet"); Germany, Italy, even southern France.

It was in December, 1789, that Doctor Guillotine put his plan before the constituent assembly, but it was not adopted till October, 1791.

Apparently deputies found the subject humorous. "With my machine, messieurs," said the doctor, "I whisk off your head (vous fais sauter la tete) in a twinkling, and you have no pain." "Whereat," adds Carlyle, in his historical present tense, "they all laugh."

Scraps of Paper

A farmer purchased a number of agricultural implements from a London firm. When, after a reasonable period, the account was not paid, the firm sent a representative to the farmer to demand payment in cash.

After much haggling with the farmer the representative finally agreed to take a check in payment. Returning to London, he presented the check at the farmer's bank, and was surprised when the cashier refused to honor it.

"But surely Farmer George keeps his accounts here, doesn't he?" asked the puzzled man.

"Yes, that's quite true," replied the cashier. "The farmer keeps his accounts here, but I don't know where he keeps his money."—Boston Herald.

Driest Place on Earth

The driest place on earth is Payta, in Peru, about five degrees south of the equator. In spite of the fact that this province is on the seaboard, there are children living there ten or twelve year old who have never seen a shower of rain.

Clouds are plentiful, and occasionally there are heavy sea fogs, yet as much as fifteen years may elapse between showers.

In spite of the dryness, this country is inhabited, for small streams, coming down from the western side of the Andes, water it.

Rush Message

A sepoy entered a telegraph office in India and handed in a message. The clerk, after reading the message, told him there was something wrong with the wording. "No, sahib, me know English," said the man. Again the clerk attempted to explain to him that it was worded wrongly. "Me know English," the sepoy declared haughtily and indignantly. "If you no send, me report Superintendent Mandalay." Then the message was forwarded. It read, "Come quick; father dangerously dead."—Vancouver Province.

Printers to the Community

:-:

Letter Heads
Envelopes
Loose Leaf Sheets

:-:

Counter Check Books
Statements
Bill Heads

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Sale Bills
Tags
Labels

:-:

Everything Required in the Printing Line

EXPRESS PRINTING OFFICE
NAPANEE

The Day of the Prize Award

By JACK WOODFORD

IT HAD been only dire necessity that made Ellen enter her name and supply her photograph for the beauty contest that was being held by the Metropolitan Pickle company.

It was the only large firm in the small southern town where she lived, and it had come to the conclusion that a beauty contest would be an excellent advertising scheme. People thought pickles were funny; they could not, somehow, associate the thought, for instance, in their minds of a pretty girl eating a pickle. . . . So, just as the manufacturers of glasses had popularized glasses for ladies by advertising through the pictures of beautiful ladies wearing them, the Metropolitan Pickle company intended to popularize pickles by advertising them through pictures of beauty contest winners eating them.

The first prize was one thousand dollars. To Ellen, one thousand dollars would mean everything in the world. She was just eighteen and her brother had recently injured himself so that he could not work for several years at the least. A thousand dollars would carry them over until she could find a job, give up school and start earning enough to keep the wolf from the door until her brother got back again. Their father was dead; her mother carried on in their small cottage, keeping chickens to help out and raising much of the truck vegetables that they ate.

With some trepidation Ellen visited the offices of the Metropolitan Pickle company and was interviewed by Walter Thornton, son of the owner. The interview was not painful, as Ellen had anticipated. Walter Thornton was about twenty-five. He had deep gray eyes and soft, shiny black hair. He was tall and strong looking; Ellen remembered having read in the papers some time before that he had carried college football honors at the state university. In finishing up the interview after he had accepted her picture and registration he said:

"I know," Ellen nodded, "but in this generation the Winslows will have to say goodby to pride. Grim necessity is the dictator now."

"Too darn bad," he said, after she had outlined her reasons for entering the contest. He added: "You're the last registrant I'm going to see today. I'm worn out gabbing with them. They all claim they're the most beautiful girls in town. It's so unique to have had an application from a girl who doesn't vociferously insist that she's the prettiest in town."

"I wouldn't consider that fair," Ellen told him. "Since you are the final judge, I ought'nt to try to influence your decision."

"Would that prevent your riding home with me?" he asked. "I go directly through your neighborhood on the way home, and it would be easy for me to drop you off, if you cared to go."

Arriving at her home, Walter surprisingly accepted her perfunctory invitation to come in for a moment. He went in and soon, southern fashion, he was talking to her mother about relationships and people in town they both knew.

He went into the room where Bob, Ellen's brother, lay sick and talked to him awhile. When he had come out he said to Ellen:

"I'd like to give you a job; but you see, the terms of the contest are that no entrant shall be employed by the Metropolitan Pickle company. However, since you're looking for a job, suppose you run into town with me tomorrow, and I'll send you around to a place or two; after first phoning, to see if I can't find you a position."

Ellen rode in with him the following morning; but, oddly enough, she was not employed at any of the places where he told her to go.

"That's strange," he remarked, over the phone; "let's get together, over luncheon, and see what's wrong." They did. And, that night, he drove her home again.

It became increasingly evident to Ellen that she would probably win the prize. That Walter had come to think a lot of her was patent; and she knew that she admired him, could have loved him had she let herself—but she knew she must not let herself because he was a millionaire in his own right.

And then came the great day of the announcements. Ellen rose early to get the morning paper. She had not won first prize; nor second prize, nor third prize, nor even honorable mention! Her name appeared nowhere at all, in the prize announcements.

That afternoon, on the way home from work, Walter dropped in. Ellen received him cooly. He was hurt. Dropping all preliminaries he said, huskily:

"Ellen, dear, don't you understand—I'm wild about you. I want you for my wife. And do you think, for heaven's sake, that I wanted a picture of my possible future wife appearing everywhere eating a pickle!" Ellen could not help herself. She laughed hysterically; and then she cried. And then she was in Walter's arms, and before the rush of his words of love, all the alarms of the past weeks faded into nothingness.

Swan on War Path

An indignant swan held up traffic on Antrim road, Belfast. It had been chased by a curious dog and finally found itself on the tram lines. It showed its resentment of trams, as well as motor cars, by attacking the vehicles, its wings flapping protestingly, and at one time three cars were stopped while it pecked at their radiators. It was finally induced to return to its pond.

Just Over the Boundary Line

By ROSE MEREDITH

JIM WARBURTON stood on the hill where the dividing line separated the Hinman property from the land of his ancestors, now his own. The Warburton acres had taken on a new value when the great motor highway had cut through part of the property only to swerve aside and diverge from the Hinman acres and cross the bridge, leaving the latter property marooned amid its rich pastures and woodlands. Perhaps it didn't matter, especially, Jim was thinking this May morning, for as far as he knew or cared the Hinman house was still empty and desolate. Hinmans and Warburtons had been unfriendly for some years—owing to a marriage that ended in divorce between two members of the families.

"There was only one Hinman worth looking at in this world!" gloomed Jim Warburton, "and that was Sylvia—and she turned me down flat for that Meade fellow. Don't know as I blame her for I'm not much account and he has barrels of coin."

He walked along the imaginary boundary line, remembered something about white birches and, finding them, scratched the mossy turf and found an ancient landmark—a small square of white stone on which small letter ing was chiseled. It proved to mark the property of James Warburton, in the "yr. 1830." He walked down to the highway but could not find the other marker. He knew that the line was a straight one "east from white marker."

If the new highway had only run on for another fifteen feet some of the Hinman property would have bordered on it, but what difference would that make to the Hinmans—Sylvia and her aunt were the only ones left, and they lived in New York city.

A week later, Jim, coming back home from the county seat for a week-end in his lonely house heard strange news from his man of all work, Hanson.

"Yes, sir. Mr. Warburton, there be squatters on your property," declared Hanson. "Such a nerve—"

"Squatters? Gypsies?" asked Jim, frowning.

"Nothing like that! Two wimmin be building a little bungalow—all themselves, one of them portable things, and the outside is nailed with silver birch logs and there's a sign swinging—'The Green Ladies Tea House'—Shucks, to be trespassin' and all."

After the early dinner, Jim, cool, satisfied that Hanson's story was somewhat exaggerated, walked down the long grassy lane, through the rustic gate and across the old orchard of dead trees to the open hillside where scattered birches marched down the hill to the new highway.

The new bungalow, all silvery white where it wasn't stained green or brown, was there, and from the kitchen in the rear, came the aroma of good things to eat—fried chicken, new asparagus, strawberry shortcake—Jim's mouth watered. Mrs. Hanson's cooking was below par. He frowned again and walked up to the white birches, to look at the boundary mark. He could see the little bungalow, built just inside the Warburton property, so as to take advantage of the coveted position on the motor road, and he could see a number of cars parked on the private road on the other side that led to the Hinman house.

Inside the little house it was cozy enough. Green tables set with worn but exquisite damask, and dainty old china and silver. In the background was a tall, silver-haired woman in a green dress, and waiting on a group of prosperous-looking motorists, was a pretty waitress also wearing a short green frock and a crisp organdie apron. She did not see Jim Warburton until she had brought dessert to the large table, then she came to him with a tumbler of water and a napkin.

"Jim Warburton!" she exclaimed.

"Sylvia—Mrs. Meade?" he stammered awkwardly. "I never dreamed it could be you or your aunt."

"Why not?" she asked lightly, still with that blush of embarrassment. "Auntie and I must live—and the old house is too far back from the road to be profitable—and we even plan to keep here, because it is so lonely down there in the woods."

"The old place has been closed too long, Sylvia. Now, why can't you and Miss Hinman come over to Warburton and stay in the south wing until you are settled here?"

"I will bring Aunt Winifred," said Sylvia and departed without taking his request at all. Later on, the three dined amicably together, and Jim told them that he had come there intending to rent them from his land.

"Your land!" repeated Sylvia's thrilling voice. "Why, Jim, we have the old deeds, you know, and the line is a curve from the white mark up above to the three birches opposite the magnolia tree on your south lawn! So we are on Hinman property and your garden trespasses a bit, but what is that between neighbors?"

Jim blushed. "You said Meade did not come with you?"

Sylvia laughed. "Why should he? When I refused him, he married a charming actress and lives in Hollywood."

"Then," exclaimed Jim, "suppose we go outside and discuss the boundary line?"

Reverse of Ghosts

Zombie are the reverse of ghosts. Instead of being disembodied spirits, they are presumed to be animate bodies without souls, generally corpses disinterred before dissolution of the physical structure, and endowed with the power of motion and limited thought and sensibility by magical means. It is the highest form of obi, which in turn, is a super-development of the African voodoo as practiced in the West Indies. Of course, no scientific evidence of the existence of zombies has ever been adduced.

George and the South Seas

By H. LOUIS RAYBOLD

GEORGE ABBOTT was a very much engaged young man. His fiancee, pretty Sarah Makepeace, had her own loving ways of occupying his evenings and his office hours were frequently punctuated by telephone calls arranging to meet him for lunch or downtown after work on this errand and that. And because George really loved her and knew in advance what a capable, thrifty little wife she was some day going to be to him, he never thought of protesting that her apron strings were a bit tiring.

Never, that is, until that memorable night when they read aloud to one another a fascinating story of the ever alluring South seas.

When George had kissed Sarah good night three times, he turned slowly homewards. Thoughtfully, too. For the first time it struck him that there were distant lands to be seen, distant seas to be voyaged, distant peoples to be met—that is, by those who were free and had the price.

He neither was free to go, nor had the money, as far as that went. Both he and Sarah, who gave music lessons in between being engaged to him, were saving every possible cent towards a nest egg on which to marry.

When George reached his room, he found slipped under his door a white envelope addressed to himself in handwriting only faintly familiar. Curiously, he opened it, and read the letter that was enclosed.

"My dear nephew"—so read the letter—

"I'm not dead yet nor thinking of dying. But I'm playing the dead aunt to my heirs. That is, I'm giving away now what you'd probably get later, much one of you. Please spend it to gratify some secret wish."

Attached to the inner sheet by a wire clip was a folded check for $2,000.

It is significant that George did not at once telephone the good news. In a way, it made their marriage an immediate possibility and surely one would expect that any engaged young man's secret desire would lie in that direction.

On the contrary, several days went by and still George said nothing to Sarah of the windfall. If he appeared distrait the very next time he saw her, she gave no outward sign of noticing the fact.

To tell the truth, George was an enigma to himself. Here for months he had been longing to marry Sarah and now, at the instance of a silly yarn dealing largely with beating surf and honey-colored moons and dusky maidens, he was yearning to take a little trip all by himself and postpone settling down for a year or two. His unexpected legacy seemed to render legitimate this desire, yet how could he explain to Sarah?

The obvious thing to do would be to get married and then, if he must blow the money in such a way, make the journey in Sarah's company. He loved Sarah, he was insanely jealous if Sarah looked sidewise at anyone else, and yet—how he wanted this last mad fling of irresponsible youth all by himself!

Suddenly he made up his mind to get it over with. He opened his mouth, shut it, cleared his throat and was about to speak when Sarah, laying down her work, leaned forward and regarded him.

"George," she said solemnly, "I've something to tell you. It's hard to say, but—well, I've changed my mind about getting married. I feel—well, before I settle down, I'd like to go somewhere, do something, see somebody—"

"See somebody—" echoed George, feeling as if the bottom of things were falling out.

"Yes," nodded Sarah, and into her eyes came a faraway ecstatic expression. "Sometimes I dream of distant lands where the off-shore surf beats on the coral reefs, where honey-colored moons rise out of a velvet ocean, and strong, bronzed men in spotless suits, white helmets and Victoria crosses on their chests—"

"Sarah!" by this time George had risen. Then, with an effort to swallow his indignation, "Just how would you do all this?" he asked.

"Well," said Sarah, "I've nearly a thousand dollars I was saving towards the house and—"

"And you'd use that?"

"Perhaps when I come back," said Sarah gently, "I'll not mind marrying you. But first—oh, I want one last mad fling!" Rising, she threw her slender arms towards the ceiling.

Then she found herself seized and her arms falling, fell on George's shoulders.

"Sarah," he was saying sternly. "Enough of this nonsense! I've just been left $2,000 by an aunt who isn't dead yet and we are going to be married at once. Tell me you do love me!"

So Sarah told him she did love him. What she did not tell him was that any girl knows when her lover has something on his mind and intuition plus some guess work will soon help her discover what it is.

Three weeks later, George's aunt received a letter.

"Dear Aunt:

"Your welcome gift made possible a trip to Niagara falls, a lovely little blue runabout, and first payment on a five-room bungalow."

Painting Known to Indians

Painting was known to the Indians who inhabited the western plains of the United States, although of a crude sort. On the continent of South America, the rough painting of pottery was known. The Central American tribes who succeeded the ancient Mayan empire knew "slip painting," i. e., the slipping in of colored clay on the outside of pottery and outlining the slipped-in portion with a contrasting color, but that art belonged to ceramics.—Kansas City Star.

Timely Payment of an Old Debt

By CHARLES S. REID

THE piebald heifer had not come up for three nights. She was the hope of the family for milk and butter, when the old cow went dry. Old man Slade was an invalid, and his wife was little better off physically. Sadie Pottle, the granddaughter, virtually was the dependence of the old people for support. Sadie Pottle was standing in the doorway, looking off towards the valley.

"Grandy, it shorely is cur'ous about thet heifer," she declared.

"It shorely is, honey," agreed old Silas.

"Like as not them dogs o' Herndon's hes run her off'n a cliff some'rs," Granny Slade was lighting her pipe.

"I'm athinkin' about the Greenbriar Cove, Granny," said Sadie reflectively, a moment later. "Some says thar's milk-sick in thet cove again."

"Lord, I hope not!" There was new and deep concern in Granny Slade's tones. "Gabe Hawkins burnt it off last year."

"Yeah—I know; but them bushes an' things hes had time to grow again; an' yuh know thet makes hit easy for milk-sick. Leastwise I reckon I better go an' see if I can find thet heifer."

"Maybe so, Sadie. Lord, it makes me shiver to think o' milk-sick."

Sadie stepped down from the doorstep, and set off down the mountain. The girl was eighteen, left an orphan at six, she had lived with her grandparents these twelve years.

Sadie paused when she reached the crest of the ridge whence she could overlook the Greenbriar Cove. The little basin was wilderness of undergrowth from which arose a funky odor, as from rotting wood. A little stream ran along the last declivity of the mountainside, the waters of which had a coppery appearance.

A hundred yards down the stream the little cove widened into a minute amphitheater. At the edge of this spot Sadie stopped short, with a sudden intake of breath. Almost at her feet appeared a frothy, greenish spawn, spread out upon the ground like the frond of a pond lily as large as the outspread hands.

"Lord he'p!" she exclaimed. "The milk-sick, as shore as I live!"

She sank to the ground, and stared at the poisonous substance which had been spewed forth from the ground. In appearance it was a tempting morsel to cattle—and as deadly as strychnine. The girl sat upon her heels for a moment, then arose. She was no longer hopeful; and a few moments later she came upon the dead body of the heifer. Here she burst into a flood of weeping.

On a ridge, a quarter of a mile away, stood a man in a khaki suit; and a corduroy cap. He was gazing through a field glass. He had followed Sadie's movements for some time—now he understood the nature of her quest. There was tragedy in the scene before him. Hurrying down from the ridge he came out just in the rear of the girl. Sadie wheeled about with a start.

"I beg your pardon," said the man, lifting his cap. "I did not mean to startle you. I saw from the ridge over there that you were in trouble."

Sadie looked back upon the heifer, and drew her sleeve across her eyes to clear her vision. "Hit's the milk-sick as got 'er," she declared, with a sob. "We was countin' on her for our milk cow."

"Have you no other?"

"No. The cow is jest about dry; an' she's gittin' so old, I reckon she'll ha' to go to beef." Sadie stooped, and stroked the heifer's neck tenderly.

"This is Sadie Pottle, isn't it?" he asked.

"Yeah." Sadie now looked up into the stranger's eyes more searchingly.

"Don't you remember me?"

The girl waited a full minute. "No," she said at last. "I don't reckon as how I do."

"You have grown wonderfully beautiful in three years, Sadie, though you were pretty as a picture at fifteen."

"Mister, I don't know what you're talkin' about, but yuh look honest."

"I hope I am, Sadie. What are you going to do about another cow?"

"Lord knows—I don't." The girl sighed.

"It would be a good time, then, to collect an old debt that has been due you and old Silas and his wife for several years?"

Sadie came closer to the man. "Lord, Mister; I know yuh now!" she declared, with a smile through lingering tears. "Yuh're the man as was sick at our house about three years ago?"

"Tom Burton, the prospector. You and the old folks saved my life, I guess; for I was busted as well as sick. But I have made a lot of money, Sadie, and have come back to pay up. It's a pretty good debt that I owe—and then, Sadie, I—"

"I knowed yuh was honest, Mister Burton," she declared; "an'—an' I ain't forgot yuh kissed me good-by that time when yuh left."

"Yes, Sadie; I've had that in memory myself. Maybe sometimes you will let me kiss you again?"

Sadie smiled back upon him, then gave his hand a sharp jerk, as she took a long stride up the trail.

Reviving Old Manuscript

When writing or old manuscript has become faded and illegible it can frequently be restored by the following method. The effect on parchment is usually of a lasting nature, but fresh applications are necessary on ordinary writing paper. Lay the paper as flat as possible and dampen it evenly with clean cold water. Brush over the writing with a fine camel-hair brush dipped in a solution of sulphide of ammonia, when the writing will immediately appear plain and readable.

EMPEY HILL

Quite a number attended the garden party at Selby, on Friday evening and welcomed the new minister, Rev. Dr. Smith and his bride.

Quite a number of friends and neighbors met at the home of Mrs. and Miss Alcombrack and presented Mr. and Mrs. J. Haggerty with a purse. The school class presented Miss Molly with a book.

Mrs. Kate Tucker spent Wednesday at Mr. T. J. Russell's.

Quite a number attended the reception and charvari at the home of Mrs. Ross Melborne, in honor of her brother Mr. Archie Hill and bride of Belleville. The evening was spent in music and games after which a dainty lunch was served.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Pinney, of Flint, Mich., are spending their holidays with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. P. Husband and Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Pinney.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy McMath spent Sunday in Deseronto.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Mowers and family were visitors at Mr. Charlie Pringle's recently.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Pinney and Kenneth are visiting their son Earl, and other friends in Syracuse, N.Y.

Mr. and Mrs. Clayton Osborne and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Henderson visited relatives at Bath recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Pinney spent Sunday at the home of her brother, Mr. Vernon Oliver.

Mr. Turner of Albert College, will preach at this appointment for the next two Sunday's.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Mowers, Deseronto, and Mr. and Mrs. J. Barnes were recent visitors at Mr. Gibson's, Gananoque.

Mrs. M. A. Wellbanks is visiting at Mrs. N. Haggerty's.

(For last week)

The Four Square met in the Sunday School rooms on Thursday evening, June 22nd, with a good attendance of members and visitors. At the close Mr. Milton read an address and presented Rev. H. Foley and Mrs. Foley with two beautiful gifts, an upholstered arm chair, and an all wool comforter Although taken by surprise Mr. Foley and Mrs. Foley made very fitting reply. A social hour followed and dainty refreshments were served.

A large number of the members of the Tyendinaga East W. I. attended the District Annual held at Plainfield on Wednesday. Mr. George Putnam, of Toronto, also attended and took tea with Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Akey.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Anderson, and Mr. and Mrs. G. Richmond spent Thursday with Mr. and Mrs. Fred Kimmerly.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Richmond spent Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Roy McMath.

Mr. and Mrs. O. Ashley were dinner guests Sunday of Mr. and Mrs. S. D. G. Winters.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Price, Marjorie, Mr. and Mrs. B. Kimmerly and family were dinner guests at Mrs. Lucille Hudgins, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Solmes, Alberta, Sask., spent Thursday at Mr. Herb. Kimmerly's.

Mrs. Eleanor Whittington was a Sunday guest of Rev. W. H. Foley and Mrs. Foley.

Mrs. Hugh Henderson is spending a month in Belleville.

Miss Beatrice Mowers is spending her holidays in Toronto visiting with friends.

Miss Ruby Rikley, Napanee, spent a week with her siter, Mrs. Fred Henderson.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Doidge, Selby, visited with their son, Mr. Milton Doidge, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Herb. Kimmerly were dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Hudgins, Sunday.

Miss Polly Stapley, Belleville, is visiting at Mr. Geo. Stapley's.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Pinney, Mr. and Mrs. A. Pinney and Kenneth took tea with Mr. and Mrs. G. Saunders, Kingston, on Sunday.

Rev. A. Blow, Mrs. G. Richmond, Mrs. T. Kimmerly, Mrs. Jay McMath and Mr. and Mrs. Roy McMath were tea guests of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. McCrae, on Friday evening.

Rev. H. W. Foley and Mrs. Foley were guests at Mr. Wm. Waddingham's and Mr. Arthur Waddingham's on Thursday, and christened their baby boy, Wm. James.



GET IT AT
WALLACE'S

PUBLIC SCHOOL MIDSUMMER PROMOTIONS

Names Arranged Alphabetically.

JR. IV. TO SR. IV.

A

P. Archer.
M. Babcock.
B. Coons.
H. Degroff.
D. Exley.
L. Ford.
D. Fowler.
E. Jackson.
G. Loucks.
J. Lucas.
M. Markle.
D. McMillan.
R. Miller.
D. McCracken.
J. Moore.
H. O'Connor.
T. Pawson.
J. Russell.
B. Smith.
H. Switzer (Gram.)
E. Thompson.
M. Thompson.
W. Thompson.
L. Valkman.
K. Weiss.

B

B. Carr.
B. Cornwell.
M. Denison.
H. Goslin.
H. Hayes.
V. Hughes.
P. J. LaPointe.
L. Losee.
C. Markle.
B. Moore.
D. Murphy.
B. Richmond.
I. Stevenson.

SENIOR III TO JUNIOR IV

A

Louise Babcock.
Lillian Bates.
Eileen Barrett.
Billy Beaubien.
Glenn Clark.
Marguerite Derby.
Peggy Dibb.
Jeanne Follis.
Lois Giroux.
Georgie Howie.
Jack Holmes.
Kathleen Kent.
Jean Kinkley.
Mary Knapp.
Ann Lalley.
Sarah Madden.
Eleanor Mellow.
Laurence Markle.
Peter Orpwood.
Marion O'Connor.
Hugh Pawson.
Isabelle Pollard.
Peggy Roe.
Eileen Seymour.
Ronald Smith.
Teddy Sills.
Mary Spencer.
Mary Stacey.
Rose Storey.
Maclean Switzer.
Phyllis Thompson.
Cleo VanBlaricom.
Marion VanVolkenburgh.
Dorothy Walker.
Madge White.
Marguerite Walker.
Jean Young.
Harold Zender.

B

Gerty Butcher.
Margaret Conger.
Arthur Fox.
Gerald Hayes.
Jim Howie.
Gladys Leary.
Joe Lewis.
Jimmie McGraw.
Hazel Naven.
Mildred Naven.
Jeanne Napolis.
Douglas Rendell.
Verna Stevenson.
Betty VanBlaricon.

JUNIOR III TO SENIOR III

A

D. Blakely.
J. Bush.
B. Clark.
D. Curry
D. Derby.
H. Henderson.
L. Knapp.
J. Loucks.
A. Mackinnon.
A. MacMillan.
J. Manser.
M. Mellow.
H. Pidgeon.
M. Reid.
S. Sharp.
F. Thompson.
B. Turner.
J. VanDusen.
R. Vick.
R. Webster

B

E. Babcock.
B. Baker.
M. Benn.
B. Butcher.
D. Card.
J. Ford.
L. Ford.
F. Gerow.
E. McTaggart.
D. Watts.
M. Young.

SENIOR II TO JUNIOR III

A

M. Babcock.
A. Babcock.
B. Babcock.
B. Buchanan.
G. Bedore.
Robt. Beattie.
B. Card.
M. Elliott.
M. Fowler.
E. Gillott.
J. Holmes.
K. Johnston.
E Knapp.
R. Lloyd.
H. Lewis.
R. Mack .
H. O'Connor.
J. Orpwood.
I. Paul.
R. Simpson.
Mack Smith.
B. Shortt.
R. Sexsmith.
R. Smith.
H. Stewart.
R. Turnbull.
C. Valey
R. Vanvolkenburg.
F. Walker.
J. Walker.
L. Williams.
E. Webster.
D. Willoughby.
H. Young.

B

L. Bogart.
W. Ford.
J. Fraser.
O. Grange.
M. Henricks.
J. Hunter.
J. Jamieson (Arith.)
M. Kent.
H. Moore.
M .Plumley.
H. Reid.
L. Smith.
L. Storms.
R. Vick.

JR. II. TO SR. II.

Robt. Coulter.
R. Duffett.
J. Grange.
K. Lloyd.
H. Markle.
S. McGriffin.
M. McGraw.
Eleanor Paul.
M. Pigeon.
H. Snider.
W. Snider.
D. Thompson.
F. Thompson.

SR. I. TO JR. II.

Annie Babcock.
Jack Baldree.
Joyce Barrett.
Shirley Blakely.
Billy Cronin.
Mary Duffett.
Doris Giroux.
James Hill.
Jack Kent.
Dickie McLaughlin.
Shirley Norris.
Betty O'Connor.
Eric Pawson.
Marie Redner.
Glen Reynolds.
Vernon Roney.
Barbara Santer.
Henry Schermehorn.
Allan Sinclair.
Leo Smith.
Howard Storey.
John Temple.
Clara Turnbull.
Donald Walters.
Jimmy White.
Barbara Wright.

FIRST TO SR. FIRST

Florence Bush.
Jack Butcher.
Marjorie Carr.
Cassell Fraser.
Leila Gerow.
Willie Hill.
Clara Lloyd.
Dorothy Rogers.
Patrick Sagriff.
Dorothy Snider.
Sidney Thompson.

SR. PR. TO I.

Elnora Baldree.
Dickie Beaubien.
Renseller Bush.
Donald Elliott.
Doris Henderson.
Merle Lockridge.
Mary McTaggart.
Denise VanAlstyne.
Marion Vine.

INTER. PR. TO SR. PR.

Doris Babcock.
Margaret Blair.
Kenneth Currie.
Jimmy Irvine.
Marjory Loucks.
Dorothy Norris.
Vivian Scharf.
Bobby Yake.

JR. PR. TO INTER. PR.

Helen Calver.
Noma Dupont.
Phyllis Fretts.
Dickie Henderson.
Hazel Hill.
Barbara Johnson.
Ronald Markle.
Frankie Navin.
David Petrie.
John Webster.

BEGINNERS TO JR. PR.

Jimmy Buchanan.
Gordon Cavanaugh.
Gerald Chambers.
Russell Lennox.

INTER PR. TO SR. PR.

Edmund Babcock.
Hilda Babcock.
Agnes Beattie.
Beasie Lennox.
Dorothy Lennox.
Edna Lennox.
Geraldine Manser.
Dickie McNeil.
Jean Pidgeon.
Eleanor Plumley.
Dureen Rendell.
Donald Turner.

JR. PR. TO INTER. PR.

George Cavanaugh.
Shirley Cornwall.
Dorothy Leary.
Archie Lennox.
Lloyd Lennox.
Jean McNeil.
Archie Navin.
Arthur Plumley.
Bertram Sagriff.
Gordon Sagriff.
Pauline Sagriff.
Harry Thompson.
Donald Williams.

BEGINNERS

David Beattie.
Joan Beattie.
Jack Cavanaugh.
Leslie Cole.
Myrtle Cole.
Shirley Coulter.
Donald Evans.
Roland Hagerman.
Barbara Kimmerly.
Jimmie Markle.
Lois McGreer.
Helen McIlwaine.
Jean Murphy .
Carmen O'Connor.
Billy Plumley.
Clifford Rendell.
Donald Rogers.
Douglas Sagar.
Leslie Scharf.
Iner Thompson.
George Webster.
Sadie Wheeler.
Neil Willoughby.

EAST WARD

JR. III. TO SR. III.

A

M. Allison.
J. Ballance.
M. Conger.
W. Gilbert (History).
L. Kirkpatrick.
J. Loucks.
S. Loucks (Arith.)
H. Martin.
Q. Ohlman.
V. Perry.
M. Reid.
Reta Thompson.
R. Thompson.
M. Vine (History).
D. Wilson.

B

E. McFarland.
B. Young.

JR. II TO JR. III.

P. Denison.
M. Fox.
J. Madden .
B. Maunder (Arith.)
R. Mellow.
R. Pollard.
M. Raymer.
D. Taylor.

JR. II. TO SR. II.

G. Holmes.
H. Moore.
J. Pollard.
C. Thompson.
T. Thompson.
G. Woodcock.

FIRST TO SECOND

Betty Brown.
George Chalk.
Norma Correll.
Herbert Correll.
Gerald Fox.
Dorothy Gilbert.
Betty Hodgston.
Sylvester Manion.
Mary Milsap.
Edythe Perry.
Bobbie Pybus.
Jack Spencer.
Sarah Thompson.

SR. PR .TO FIRST

Bobbie Allen.
Leona Gilbert.
Betty Huffman .
Cecil Milotte.
Mary Normile.
Betty Pollard.
Jack Pybus.
Vernon Wagar.

TO SR. PRIMER

Shirley Holmes.
Bruce Joynt.
Theresa Manion.
Jewel Perry.
Maurice Storey.
Charles Thompson.
Lorraine Wagar.
Murray Wilson.
Lois Young.

TO INTER. PR.

Floyd Denison.
Edith Hall.
Bobbie Kinsey.
Jack Marshall.
Mildred Pollard.
Lois Stevenson.

BEGINNERS

Donald Allen.
Shirley Francis.

Pig Iron

Pig iron is manufactured from iron ore and is so called because in the older plants the metal as it comes from the blast furnaces flows through a trench of sand into little branch trenches or molds, where it hardens into bars called pigs. Pig iron is sometimes called the raw material of the iron and steel industry, because from it most of our steel and commercial forms of iron are made.

Tuberculosis From Cow's Milk

According to health authorities something like 25 per cent of all tuberculosis in human beings can be traced directly to cows' milk. In some cases when cows are consumptive the germs are present in their milk. This is why we have our cows tuberculin tested and one of the reasons for pasteurizing milk.

Huge Maori Maiden

Too many inches may even lead to absolute disaster, as witness in the case of Yella Mataroa, a Maori giantess who was over eight feet in height, weighed more than 420 pounds, and was extremely handsome. She lived in an isolated spot in New Zealand, and at the age of twenty-nine had an attack of appendicitis. They tried to get her to a hospital, but the roads were too bad for a car and her weight was so great that it smashed the buggy brought for her. They then managed to lift her on to a horse lorry, but she died before she could reach the hospital.

Rickshaw Coolie Can Run Four to Six Miles an Hour

It is not hard to push a rickshaw, according to a director of the Physiological Institute of the Sun Yat Sen university in Canton, China, who made some interesting observations on the rate of work performed by a coolie drawing a rickshaw. This form of running is peculiar in that the force exerted is practically all forward.

The arms are held by the shafts of the vehicle, and since the vehicle's center of gravity is over the axle, the coolie does not have to exert any upward force. The work he does is consequently the same as if he were pulling a weight by a cord running over a pulley.

The rickshaw coolie runs from four to six miles an hour, consuming during fast locomotion about one-tenth of a horse power—the same, that is, as if he were drawing five and a half pounds one foot in each second. This is over and above the amount of work he coolie would do while running at the same pace without pulling the loaded vehicle. The expenditure of energy is much less than that of the oarsmen in a university boat race.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

April Fool's Day Origin Still Matter of Doubt

Various theories have been held as to the origin of the customs and festivities attending April 1 in western countries, but there is no certain or conclusive explanation.

Some have tried to trace the observance to the miracle plays formerly presented at Easter time, and some to ancient pagan festivals such as the similar Hull festival held by the Hindus on March 31 or the Feast of Fools celebrated by the Romans.

Brewer's Dictionary of Phrase and Fable declares: "A better solution is this: As March 25 used to be New Year's day, April 1 was its octave, when its festivities culminated and ended."

It may be, he adds, "a relic of the Roman 'Cerealia,' held at the beginning of April." The probability seems to be that it is a survival of some such ancient spring festival.

"Conscience Fund"

There are anonymous persons who feel that they owe the government money for one reason or another. From time to time the Treasury department receives contributions from these unknown persons. Such sums are turned over to what is known as the "conscience fund." This fund was started during Madison's administration in 1811. With the exceptions of the Monroe administration and the depression of 1848 there has not been a year that some conscience contribution has not been received. From its $5 start in 1811 this fund totals more than $650,000.—Pathfinder Magazine.

Keys to the City

The custom goes back to the days when towns had walls and gates, and, often, real keys. The presentation of the keys was a token of submission or allegiance which a feudal town paid its king or overlord when he visited it. The present bestowal of keys on distinguished visitors is simply a sentimental survival of the old practice.

TODAY and TOMORROW

by FRANK PARKER STOCKBRIDGE

GOVERNOR . . Federal Reserve

In picking Eugene Black of Atlanta for Governor of the Federal Reserve Board President Roosevelt has followed the example of his last Democratic predecessor is selecting a man from the South to head up the nation's financial system. I am one of those who believe that the late W. P. G. Harding of Alabama was the best man who ever held the post to which Mr. Black has been appointed.

Mr. Black was picked, I am told, mainly because he is entirely free from Wall Street influences. He has a bigger and more important task than any of his predecessors had, since it is on the cards, I believe, that the entire banking system of the nation will be taken into the Federal Reserve System, and the head of that system will exercise financial control even greater than that of the Governor of the Bank of England.

Unlike many bankers, Mr. Black has a sense of humour. But his reputation for sound, homely common-sense is of the highest.

ROCKEFELLERS . . they move

Times change and landmarks pass. The Rockfellers, father and son, are moving from the historic address "26 Broadway" to the new Rockefeller Center, five miles up town. For more than fifty years "26" has been the headquarters of the Standard Oil interests. Nobody knows how many millions have been made there, but probably enough to pay off our national debt, if the men who made it had kept it.

The Rockefellers don't keep their money. They spend it largely in vast enterprises for the public welfare, education, health and the restoration of historic antiquities.

John D. Rockefeller, Jr., is in the limelight just now because he objected to Communist propaganda being put into a mural painting by Diego de Valera, the Mexican artist who had been engaged to do some work in the Rockefeller Center. Some "Liberals" are making a great fuss, saying that Mr. Rockefeller is no judge of art. That may be true, but wouldn't he look foolish promoting Communism?

GOLD . . . . . since 1493

According to the United States Bureau of Mines all the gold that has been mined in the world since any kind of records have been kept; that is, from 1493, the year after Columbus discovered America, down to date, amounts to a little over a thousand million ounces. At $20 an ounce that is worth twenty billion dollars ,and more than half of it is still in the form of money or gold bars held in banks as security for money.

In the United States, since 1792, we have mined about 226 million ounces, worth above $4,600,000,000; and that, curiously enough, is just about the amount of monetary gold still in this country.

In the same 450 years of gold production the amount of silver mined in the world was a fraction more than fifteen thousand million ounces; and the ratio of silver to gold in the world's monetary system before silver was dropped by one country after another, was just about fifteen to one.

Silver is coming back as money, but it is more likely to arrive at a ratio of about twenty or twenty-five to one than the traditional "sixteen to one" of the old Populist days.

POPULATION . . needed growth

The United States could support probably ten times the population we now have. It used to be all that nine-tenths of the population could do to produce food enough for the ten-tenths; now it takes the time and work of only a fifth, perhaps less, to feed everybody.

Population in the United States is almost standing still. Unless there is an unexpected upturn of the birth rate or we open our doors again to immigrants from Europe, we shall find ourselves still less dependent on the producers of food.

It looks to me as if food farming, on any important scale, will be a thing of the past in fifty or a hundred years from now. More people will live in the country, but fewer will be engaged in trying to make money out of growing food. They will get their cash from other forms of labor and of products of the land.

LAND . . . . . what it will earn

What is good farm land worth? An English friend told me not long ago that the best land in England, where the average production per acre of all crops is much higher than in America, the markets are at the door, the growing season is longer and the climate generally more favorable, can be bought for $100 or less per acre, when it can be bought at all. With an experience of two thousand years behind them, English farmers are pretty likely to know what values are.

I doubt whether any land in America can earn interest on a very much higher valuation than that, except in a very few highly favored spots and then only by intensive cultivation of high-priced perishable fruits and garden truck.

One of the principal causes of much of the present trouble of farmers is that they paid, or promised to pay, more for their land than it was worth, and their mortgages represent more than their actual value.

Land, like anything else, is worth only what it will earn.

Say you saw it in The Express.

IT PAYS TO SAY "Kellogg's"

YOU want the *best* Corn Flakes. Then specify Kellogg's, the original! They have been the standard of quality for 25 years . . . by far the largest-selling Corn Flakes in the world.

You get "wonder" flavor and crispness in Kellogg's that imitations never equal. You get oven-*freshness* insured by the *sealed* inside WAXTITE bag, a Kellogg feature.

Remember, when substitutes are offered, it is seldom in a spirit of service. Sold by all grocers in the red-and-green package. Guaranteed by W. K. Kellogg. Made by Kellogg in London, Ontario.

Kellogg's for quality

